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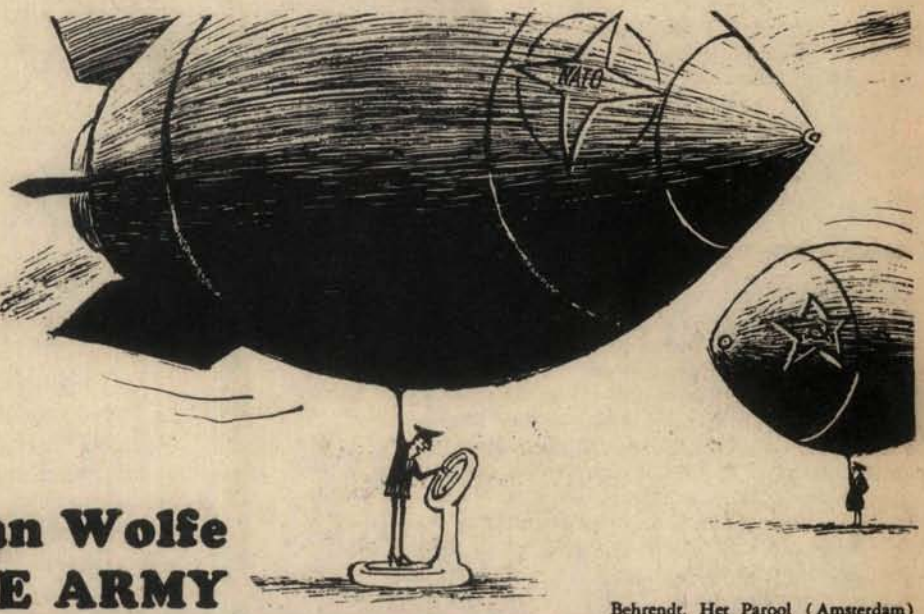

Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

Alan Wolfe
UNLEASHING THE ARMY
CARTER'S NEW DEFENSE BUDGET

A GOOD WORD FOR THE REVOLVING DOOR
Rep. Bob Eckhardt

THE CONGRESS PARTY WATERSHED
Mrs. Gandhi's Politics of Fission
ROBERT ZALISK

Genocide South American Style

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LETTERS

waiting for Carter

Camas, Wash.
No one should need to be reminded of the brutality and corruption of the Somoza regime, although the murder of newspaperman Pedro Chamorro is one more indication [editorial, "Murder in Nicaragua," *The Nation*, Jan. 28]. That Somoza was the author of the assassination goes without saying, since he is the only one who had anything to gain by it.

Meanwhile, it would be enlightening to know what the Carter administration thinks about all of this. The silence in Washington over the Chamorro assassination and subsequent riots is deafening—especially in view of President Carter's professed interest in "human rights." Last year, the administration astonished even many of its backers by allowing aid for Somoza to go through the Congress without serious challenge. Will the administration do the same this year, assassinations, repression, and all?

Frank W. Goheen

remembering Senator Aiken

Perth Amboy, N.J.
The oil crisis is quite old by now. The Arabs could shut down much of U.S. industry. Some Senators prevent action unless a windfall is granted the oil companies. They want the income from deregulation of oil and gas to go to the companies and the country must wait until this is granted.

Government ownership would mean graft, surely; inefficiency, perhaps. It would be preferable to more delay. As it is, the companies will get billions, as Korea got billions through a few dollars each to scores of Congressmen, all as yet uncharged with anything. Patriotism in many Congressmen no longer includes high concern for national as against personal benefits.

Senator Aiken of Vermont refused all out-of-state contributions and all amounts over $50 from anyone. . . . We may not look upon his like again. *David Mandel*

Starr's record

New York City
Chester Hartman's reviews of three recently published books on housing, collectively assembled under the title of "Housing Rundown" [*The Nation*, Jan. 28] are highly perceptive and illustrate with candor and clarity much of what is wrong and woolly-headed with our so-called housing and urban policies. We may indeed be assured that when President Carter's long-awaited urban policy statement is issued in the next month or so, it will reflect the same tired rhetoric of both the "academics" and the "practitioners" (well-meaning and otherwise) that Hartman so deftly lays bare.

I would quibble with only two matters in this otherwise excellent piece:

¶ Roger Starr was not the head of the New York City's Housing and Development Administration under Mayor Lindsay; he was appointed and served exclusively under Lindsay's immediate successor, Mayor Abraham Beame. While John Lindsay made some rather poor (some might say almost disastrous) appointments of key housing and planning officials, it is unfair and misleading to associate him so closely with the likes of Roger Starr. . . .

¶ Hartman also criticizes Starr for what Hartman calls Starr's "politics." I think that Starr's defective vision goes far beyond the political—he manifests a profoundly elitist and essentially fascistic view of people. Starr (along with Banfield, with whom Hartman correctly relates Starr's views) is an expert at "blaming the victim." . . .

(*Continued on page 176*)

EDITORIALS

Prayer and Coffee

God, it seems, is presiding over the struggle to make a real peace in the Middle East. Our President, to be sure, is giving the Supreme Being a helping hand, whenever he modestly can, but the main effort is clearly on high. Not only is "our" God (the one "in whom we trust," as our currency proclaims) engaged in this endeavor but, so says the ultra-ecumenical Mr. Carter, He is the same being for Jews, Christians, Muslims and, yes, Hindus.

At this point we withdraw from the debate over polytheism and monotheism that has preoccupied religious thinkers for millennia. We shall restrict ourselves to a consideration of the uses of religion in politics. Most of our text comes from utterances at the so-called National Prayer Breakfast, an annual event in Washington which was held this year on February 2 in the grand ballroom of the Hilton Hotel. (For those who might question the appropriateness of that setting for so spiritual an occasion, it might be pointed out that 2,800 "leaders" attended this breakfast and that only a few of Washington's houses of God could accommodate that many, none of them with breakfast.)

The President placed himself in the company of the leaders of India and of the Muslim powers, and of course Israel, when he told the gathering that they all "worship the same God." He said he found Israel's Begin to be a "deeply committed religious man," one "who worships the same God you and I do." By extension, ditto for Egypt's President who, declared Carter, "never fails to point out that the Egyptians and the Jews worship the same God and are both sons of Abraham."

Is it a quibble to remark that the worshipers of Jehovah, Allah and the God of the New Testament regard their deities in different ways? Are we completely out of touch with the vision of President Carter about peace when we admit the difficulty of erasing the memory of all those dreadful wars fought ostensibly in the name and service of one or another of those divinities? Would it be tactless to recall the Christian Crusades against the Infidels just when Carter is trying to help bring about at last a durable truce on that same blood-soaked land?

It has been noted here and elsewhere that President Carter invokes the deity much more often than did any of his predecessors in living memory—that he is, in a sense, his own Billy Graham. "To me, God is real," he said at that prayer breakfast. We would not presume to try to analyze that particular example of the evangelical idiom, but we would note that in some evangelical circles the Carter brand of Potomac piety is not admired. For instance, *Sojourners*, an interesting monthly publication of a group calling itself the People's Christian Coalition, takes Carter to task in its January issue for showing what its editor, Jim Wallis, calls "a characteristically evangelical preference for proclaiming personal virtue while ignoring his conformity to the power structure," and for seeming to believe that "a President's piety can serve as a reliable standard for the nation's morality." He writes that "the *gospel* has yet to intrude into the corridors of Presidential

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power," along with the idea that the coming of Christ would mean "that the proud would be put to rout, the mighty brought down from their thrones, the lowly exalted, the hungry filled, and the rich sent empty away."

Official Washington is full of official piety. Prayer groups abound on Capitol Hill and in all the bureaucracies, mostly at breakfast, and the climax of it all is the National Prayer Breakfast. Another writer in *Soujourners* recalls with distaste that, in 1966, when Lyndon Johnson presided over what was then called the Presidential Prayer Breakfast, Billy Graham pleased the chief supplicant, who was busy calling up ever more troops for Vietnam, by proclaiming that "Christ had come not to bring peace but a sword." And this official piety aimed at sanctifying whatever the government in power was up to, finally, in 1973, produced an outburst from Sen. Mark Hatfield against this kind of "civil religion," in the words of the writer Wes Michaelson. Thereafter "overt God and country" was toned down at these affairs.

At least we can utter a low praise-be for the absence of Billy Graham from this year's Hilton prayer breakfast. That particular friend and shriver of Presidents was out in Las Vegas, on a "crusade" of course. As the one-armed bandits went about their business in the background, he declared that he could find nothing in the Bible flatly condemning gambling and that, anyway, the local scene was "no worse than Wall Street." That amounts to a kind of "witness," since Graham was recently forced by the Minnesota Securities Commission to reveal at last the investments in his $23 million World Evangelism Fund.

The founders of this Republic would have had a hard time imagining an "establishment" of religion that included either Billy Graham's operation or the National Prayer Breakfast, with a President presiding.

The Politics of Justice

The very name of it should have been warning enough that the Office of Professional Responsibility of the Department of Justice was not meant to be a serious operation. A Watergate byproduct, a kind of reverse testimonial to the regime of the felonious John Mitchell, it was set up by Atty. Gen. Edward Levi in December 1975, to act as an Inspector General over the administration of justice in the federal government.

As the Committee for Public Justice noted in a recent critique of the new office, its establishment merited less than a page in *The Federal Register*, and the Levi order establishing it "never defines how [it] is supposed to work with the rest of the Department." The Office of Professional Responsibility has just four attorneys and one researcher on its staff and a budget of $152,000 (out of $2.5 billion spent for Justice) to monitor the behavior of more than 50,000 employees, including of course the cohorts of the FBI. It is as if Hercules had picked up a whisk broom on the way to the stables.

The result, of course, has been mainly ineffective bureaucratic fiddling, pushing the dirt around instead of getting rid of it. But what would one expect of an office whose name avoids words like "honesty" or "integrity" and is labeled "professional responsibility," initials P.R.? The title would work as well for the policing arm of a

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society of gamblers or morticians.

If this office lacks a broom, it is well equipped with brushes and whitewash. It had no difficulty exonerating both Attorney General Bell and President Carter from any complicity in the scandalous firing of U.S. Atty. David Marston in Philadelphia. In fact, it was so quick with this cosmetic work that it failed even to interview Representative Eilberg (D., Pa.) who kept importuning Carter and Bell to get rid of the Republican Marston, knowing full well that Marston was hot on his devious trail. The Committee for Public Justice is quite right to call this whitewash "premature and irresponsible" and to ask that a Special Prosecutor take over the job of investigating the Marston-Eilberg-Flood matter.

Nowhere in the brief history of the Carter administration is the gap between the candidate's pledges and his performance in office more evident than in the handling of the administration of justice. Despite his repeated campaign protestations about the paramountcy of "merit" in the appointment of prosecutors and judges, we have witnessed almost the opposite considerations at work. The Attorney General has revealed that it was Carter himself who, shortly after his election, swallowed his principled statements on this subject in a meeting with the ineffable Sen. James Eastland (D., Miss.), chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. The deal, we are told, was that Eastland and the Senate establishment he represents would allow the President a bit of "merit" at the appellate level of the federal court system, but that district judges and U.S. prosecutors would go on being chosen in the old way—that is, by the Senators, with only a veto, in effect, by the President, the official chosen by the Constitution to appoint them. Carter did not invent this bad old system of patronage, but he has reneged on his promise to change it.

There is reason enough to worry in the abstract about the inadequacies of the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility, but there is also a concrete and immediate concern. President Carter is about to appoint, so to speak, more federal judges than any of his predecessors were called upon to choose. Congress is in the final stages of voting on a law that would create 145 (or 148, in the Senate version) new federal judgeships. That would increase the federal judiciary by 27 percent. The behavior of Bell and Carter in matters of justice gives grounds for wishing that these important appointments rested in other hands.

Bottom-Line Journalism

Does it really matter if Washington's two daily newspapers are now both owned by huge corporate communications agglomerates and that Chicago is about to lose its last remaining evening paper? A yawn will be the answer from those who know what has been happening to the news business, once upon a time something of a profession. It is to be expected; the system makes it inevitable.

There are, however, oddities in the tale of the imminent collapse of *The Chicago Daily News* and of the sale of *The Washington Star* to Time, Inc. that are worth passing notice. Neither story has much to do with old slogans of a free press as, for example, "The Truth Shall Make You Free." Those once-moving catch words of a competitive press are as cold now as the metal at the bottom of a junked linotype's pot. Today's legend reads "The Bottom Line Says Endit."

The *Daily News* will fold unless someone, some corporate "person," rescues it by March 4, and that seems unlikely. Its annual losses seem to have tripled in a two-year span, from $3.5 million in 1975 to $11 million in 1977, according to its publisher, Marshall Field V. Its circulation has slipped from just under 400,000 to just over 300,000 in three years, and the advertisers are scuttling away.

Why should the fifth generation of a Chicago real estate fortune go on supporting a newspaper started a century ago by Melville Stone, made formidable by Victor Lawson, kept going by Frank Knox and John Knight? Never mind that it once had John Gunther and a fine foreign news staff, that Hecht and MacArthur vividly wrote for it, that Mike Royko still sharply needles the hot-air balloon of the Chicago Establishment. The accountants say it has run up $21.7 million worth of red ink in the last three years. So endit. Let Chicago's millions get their evening news from a tube. Demographics made it that way.

While the grave for *The Chicago Daily News* was being dug, a communications corporation called Capital Cities was paying $125 million for *The Kansas City Star* (daily circulation about 300,000) and $70 million for *The Fort Worth Star-Telegram* (daily circulation about 220,000). There were monopoly markets to be exploited in those towns.

In Washington there's a different kind of story, a modern business romance, if you will. Four years ago a Texas businessman named Joe Lewis Allbritton rode into town to rescue the *Star* with his millions and his energy. This evening newspaper was in trouble after years of floundering under the management of the heirs of its founders. It was also up against a vigorous morning newspaper, *The Washington Post*, which prospered after it bought out its competition and acquired *Newsweek*.

Allbritton was looked on as a shrewd Galahad, struggling against all odds to prevent the nation's capital from becoming a monopoly-paper town, a paradigmatic disaster. He brought in some talent, cut costs, and put his staff's shoulders to the wheel. That was for show. In the back room, where he kept the books, he was busy at the serious work. He applied the horse-swapping talents that had made his fortune in a chain of mortuaries, a bank and an insurance company, among other ventures back in Texas. By the time he was through juggling, it is said, he had about doubled the $65 million he had ploughed into the apparently barren soil of the *Star* and its broadcasting appendages. And he had unloaded the paper.

Now both of Washington's daily newspapers will be run by publicly held communications corporations, each of them also owning a weekly news magazine and various broadcasting stations, plus a newsprint forest here and there and, in the case of Time, Inc., the Book-of-the-Month Club, just for a sampling. No quirky individual will set the tone, morning or evening, in the nation's capital; boards of directors will do that. Corporate Washington will have a corporate press. What could be more appropriate—or more depressing?

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Money Isn't Everything

The Republican Party may lack appealing policies and attractive candidates, but one element of successful American politics that it does have aplenty is money. The GOP may be a hybrid, the fruit of a mismatch between a "progressive" elephant and a Neanderthal mammoth, but the creature beds down comfortably on piles of cash.

The latest evidence of this financial, as against political, prosperity comes from Republican National Chairman Brock, who announced the other day that the party is going to lay out $1.75 million to help elect Republicans to state legislatures this year. To match this sum the Democrats have not a cent. But they do have people in office.

At the last count, according to Adam Clymer in *The New York Times* (February 5), the Democrats can claim 5,153 of the states' legislators, compared to 2,403 Republicans. In only four states does the GOP control both houses of the legislature, and the depressing fact for the Republicans is that in each of those four states there is a Democratic governor with the veto power. Moreover, a fateful deadline lies ahead: redistricting (read gerrymandering) will follow the national census of 1980, and that job falls to the state legislatures.

Unless the Republicans can improve their proportion of those who will redraw those constituency lines, a lot of oddly shaped Congressional districts might further reduce their power in the national legislature. Chairman Brock says that his party means to detoxify itself from what he called "the quick fix of the Presidency" which it has "opted for . . . too often in the last forty years." So back to the grass roots with all that cash.

The ideologically split personality of the Republican Party is starkly illustrated by the drama it is living through over the fate of its third-ranking member of the minority leadership in the House, John B. Anderson of Illinois. Anderson is a Progressive, in Republican terms. This means that he was for Ford, not Reagan, in 1976, that he has supported civil rights, that he is for reform of the ways and means of Congress and that he broke with Nixon after Watergate. Hence, his seat is being challenged by the so-called New Right.

Despite his seniority, he may be a prime target for the flourishing pressure groups, such as the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, the American Conservative Union and the National Conservative Political Action Committee. Some of these outfits have found a candidate to run against Anderson. With the help of their extraordinarily effective direct-mail money-raising operations (of which the leading genius is Richard A. Viguerie), they can arm their man with bundles of cash. Anderson will have to mend his Illinois fences as fast as he can and with what dollars he can scrape together.

To illustrate the GOP's schism over the Andersons of its world, there is a quite wonderful figure of speech from a very conservative House Republican, E.G. (Bud) Shuster of Pennsylvania. He told *The Washington Post* (January 29) that, though he often disagreed with Anderson and "some days I wish he wasn't there," nevertheless, he considers him an "outstanding member of Congress" who "represents the Republican point of view on most issues." Then Shuster said, "To challenge him would be to impale the Republican Party on one more useless skewer." The picture conjured up by that image of a party sometimes spitted usefully and sometimes not, but in any case full of holes through which its money can be seen, is something to reflect upon.

A Special Case

Among the brilliant group of American foreign correspondents who emerged in the 1930s, Frederick Kuh was a special case. For one thing he never became a celebrity—he was not the romantic, ego-centered type. He did not write about his personal adventures in war-ravaged capitals; he did not go on lecture trips between assignments. He was quiet, studious, reflective.

If you wanted to talk with Freddie about an assignment you usually ended up meeting him for breakfast at an ungodly early hour. At parties and receptions he entered, so to speak, on tiptoe and was soon in some far corner of the room, deeply engrossed in conversation with some possible new contact, very slowly sipping his drink. His unending pursuit of information made him the kind of correspondent who never thought he knew all that he needed to know about the story on which he was working. But however voluminous his facts, his stories were brief, well-structured, written in a simple, direct, forceful manner. He had more than his share of major scoops, but will be remembered longest for the steady flow of his hardheaded reporting about foreign affairs in a time of great turmoil, confusion and excitement. He did not turn out "colorful" books based on personal experiences; he never seemed to have time to collect, edit and organize his reports and dispatches.

For years *The Nation* benefited from Kuh's presence at the U.N., in Washington and abroad. A two-part feature on John Foster Dulles, written under the implausible pen name of Hank Gotham—he wanted to go on seeing Dulles—is one of his more memorable pieces for the magazine. And *Nation* readers of the period will remember his fine reports from East Germany at a time when very little reliable news was coming from there.

Freddie Kuh was an editor's delight; easy to work with, reliable, accurate, always informative, usually several steps ahead of his colleagues. Never startled, never agitated, he managed somehow to take wars, revolutions, coups, summit conferences and confrontations in stride. He was more than a great reporter; from years of experience in Washington, London (where for many years he was diplomatic correspondent for *The Chicago Sun*), Berlin, Moscow and at the U.N., where his authority was unrivaled, he had acquired an immense store of knowledge about the leading personalities, as well as the background intricacies and interconnections of world affairs. He never deigned to report what was generally known and he was constantly breaking new ground and coming in with fresh insights. Freddie Kuh was the special case of a truly distinguished foreign correspondent who managed to stay out of the limelight. But as Hugh Baillie, former president of the United Press said of him, he had a habit of being right.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

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UNLEASHING THE ARMY

CARTER'S NEW DEFENSE BUDGET

ALAN WOLFE

Now that President Carter has dissected the state of the union and announced plans for his very first budget, some concrete information exists on which factions are winning the policy disputes within his administration. The most important of these debates, in terms of its possible effect on human life, is the battle over defense policy. Who won: the trilateralist arms controllers, with their preference for trade over military strength; or the cold-war militants, fanning the flames of the Soviet threat?

The answer depends on how the data are read. The budget announces a 3 percent real growth in military spending, after adjusting for inflation. Secretary of Defense Brown was prompt to say that, since the Ford administration had projected a much larger increase in defense spending, Carter is carrying out his campaign promise to trim the Pentagon. Almost everyone else believes that an increase is an increase, and that the figure represents an important victory for the hard-liners within the Carter administration.

Although the latter position is more in accord with reality, by itself it is not sufficient. For the real story behind the budget lies not in the gross amount that will be spent but in how the increase is distributed. And on this question the answer has implications that go well beyond 1979 to the future strategic posture of the United States.

Carter assures the country in his State of the Union message that the world is at peace, which is good news indeed. But he then went on to add that, although we faced no single crisis

> profound national interests are at stake. At such times the risk of inaction can be equally great. It becomes the task of leaders to call forth the vast and restless energies of our people to build for the future. That is what Harry Truman did in the years after the Second World War, when we helped Europe and Japan rebuild themselves and secured an international order that has protected freedom from aggression.

More than any specific proposals, more than the trade-offs between this and that, more than moral exhortations, these words are the core of the message. They tell us more about the assumptions upon which policies will be based than about those policies themselves, and every administration, whether it recognizes the fact or not, has an analysis of the world situation from which it derives its responses.

The invocation of the Truman era is an unconscious declaration by the Carter administration that, like Dean Acheson, it wants to be "present at the creation." Carter apparently views the present period as akin to 1948, when unilateral U.S. action to shape a new world order was a possibility. From his point of view, recent years have destabilized America's understanding of its own role in the world. Vietnam undermined the credibility of American power, Watergate turned attention away from world events, and the OPEC boycott and collapse of Bretton Woods disrupted international economics. Many advisers close to Carter believe the time has come to think once more about this country's proper role. Given that proclivity, references to Truman and the origins of the cold war are as startling as they are frightening.

The group of national security managers who rose to power during the Truman Presidency were convinced of the necessity for a massive American rearmament. To be sure, they argued, the United States had atomic weapons, but unless these were supplemented by increases in conventional arms, we would be vulnerable. Besides, future flare-ups were likely to occur all around the world, which meant that mobility and flexibility, virtues not possessed by the big bomb, were required. As embodied in NSC-68, the secret National Security document that laid out plans for a postwar American strategy, the Truman advisers called for increases in defense spending, and commitment of the bulk of that money to conventional arms.

Can Carter have in mind a similar agenda, given his references to the Truman period? There are words that would lead one to such a conclusion. The following, for example, sounds suspiciously Trumanesque: "Security also comes through the strength of our allies. We have reaffirmed our commitment to the defense of Europe, and this year we will demonstrate that commitment by further modernizing and strengthening our military capabilities there." These words cannot make sense unless the strategic theory underlying them is brought to the fore, for those words appeared in the State of the Union message only after an exhaustive review of the military and strategic needs of the United States had been undertaken by the National Security Council in Carter's first year.

Republicans and Democrats seem to have their favorite ways of developing national security policy. The Republicans are far more formal. Eisenhower tried to institute a staff system under which the National Security Council would actually make policy. Nixon had all kinds of detailed procedures, including processes for writing National Security Study Memorandums, that were to constitute the overview of policy for any given area. Democrats, on the other hand, have been far less beholden to procedural rigidities. Truman felt that the NSC impinged upon his authority and disdainfully compared it to the British experience with war Cabinets. Kennedy tried to ignore the NSC altogether, Johnson

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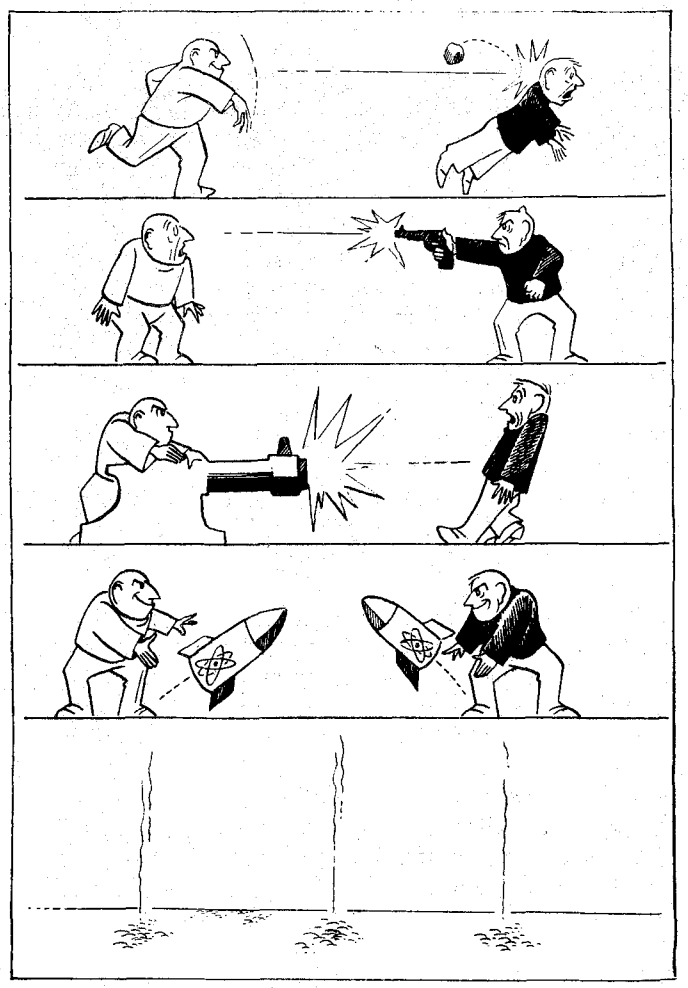
instituted Tuesday lunches, and now Carter has created the Friday breakfasts (Democrats seem to eat together more often than Republicans). Following his party's traditions, Carter has shied away from a highly structured national security apparatus. For example, the NSC met, on the average, once a week under Eisenhower, once a fortnight under Nixon, once a month under Kennedy and Johnson, but it met only four or five times in Carter's first year. Policy making in this administration is not guided by some centralized overview mechanism.

Instead, the Carter administration proceeds by farming out responsibility for national security matters as widely as possible. The main tasks of the NSC under Carter are to serve the President by meeting whatever needs he establishes, to develop broad policy guidelines, and to provide bureaucratic mediation between conflicting departments. Since we are concerned with the decision to make Europe the centerpiece of the increase in defense spending, only the second of these activities need concern us for the moment. How did the new policy emerge?



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

The policy-making function of the National Security Council, according to its director of security planning, Samuel P. Huntington, is equivalent to a legislative process. First, the NSC itself assigns all its work to various subcommittees, of which two are major: the policy review committee, chaired by Vance, and the special coordinating committee, chaired by Brzezinski. The former is concerned with policy and the latter with operations, which is a bit confusing since the Secretary of State has concerned himself more with negotiation than policy making, and the national security adviser is clearly more comfortable with overall policy than with daily operations. Be that as it may, these two committees decide what areas need directives and establish study groups to write them. Each study group then sends its paper to one of the two committees for review. After debate in the committee, the recommendations of the study group become Presidential Directives. When a deep and significant overview of policy is required, a Presidential Review Memorandum, or PRM, is written. These go directly to the President.

This detail on the making of national security policy is important, because it helps explain the changes in Carter's new defense budget. When a new policy is initiated, the number of people involved in its creation is far greater than would have been the case under Nixon. The most important PRM is the one called PRM-10 that reviewed the overall balance of military forces throughout the world. During the five-month course of its preparation, between 150 and 200 people had a say in its final contents. In theory, such a procedure means flexibility and broad-based support, both of which can be advantageous.

But the procedure is designed also to build in compromises between conflicting interests. Since every group is consulted, the tendency will be for policy to emerge by laying one faction's favorite project on top of another's pet ideas, no matter how dissimilar they may be. Thus PRM-10, for example, has an arms-control element that pleases the Carter doves, while at the same time it calls for expenditure increases desired by the hawks. Here the absence of centralized leadership in the policy-making process might constitute a disadvantage, for it creates a tendency to wander off in different directions at the same time. Under these conditions, forces pressing for the status quo have the advantage, for stalemates often mean that nothing is done, and doing nothing is always a policy victory for somebody.

PRM-10 is the most important bit of national security policy yet produced by the Carter administration, and the new budget and State of the Union message do not make sense until one considers its recommendations. Because of the way it was produced, PRM-10 has two parts. One assesses the overall balance in strategic (i.e., nuclear) weapons between the United States and the Soviet Union. It concludes that a situation of "essential equivalence" has come about, so that neither side can dominate the other. According to "Military Strategy and Force Posture Review" (the official title of PRM-10), any nuclear war between the superpowers would result in the United States suffering 140 million casualties and the Soviet Union 113 million. Since about 75 percent of their respective economies would be devastated, "neither side could conceivably be described as a winner."

Furthermore, this part of the report downplays the concept of limited nuclear war. According to its analysis, it would actually be disadvantageous for either

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side to launch a limited attack at the ICBMs of the other, for if it did it would find itself "significantly worse off" in terms of balance after the attack was over. Moreover, the report argues that the strength of America's nuclear arsenal lies in its retaliatory ability, so that should the Soviet Union attack us, we would have enough naval and bombing forces left to devastate them.

Those sections of PRM-10 dealing with the strategic balance, when leaked to the press, created an uproar among Washigton hard-liners. In the peculiar game of nuclear strategy, one must never admit the strengths of one's own side, since that removes the rationale for further weapons construction. For this reason, groups like the Committee on the Present Danger were aghast at the heretical notion that essential equivalence with the Russians was deemed sufficient. Some fairly vicious things were said around Washington about Lynn Davis, the 32-year-old Assistant Secretary of Defense who oversaw this part of the report. Davis, according to the hawks, was not only a woman and therefore unable to understand the need for a strong defense; she was also a New Leftist peacenik who had somehow manipulated Paul Warnke to her position. From the attacks, one would have thought that her section of PRM-10 had advocated a Gandhian policy of nonviolent resistance.

Actually, the strategic balance sections of the document are chilling in their own way. When *The New York Times* (January 6) finally obtained a copy of the memo and summarized it, it contained some hair-raising notions. For one thing, PRM-10 argues that the United States must be able to destroy 70 percent of the Soviet Union's "recovery resources" after a nuclear attack. Although there has been little publicity about this section of the report, what it means is that the Carter administration has accepted the contours of the Rumsfeld-Schlesinger notions of counterforce and assured destruction. Instead of seeking to prevent the USSR from launching a nuclear attack by maintaining a credible ability to retaliate against its population, the present government has endorsed the idea of so damaging its political and economic capacities that it could not recover as a viable society.

Besides an overview of the strategic balance, PRM-10 contained a review of U.S. conventional forces around the world. This section, presided over by Samuel Huntington, is far more important. When it was originally leaked to the press, someone in the Carter administration called it the most important review of U.S. national security policy since NSC-68. Once more, the parallels with the Truman era were being trumpeted, and they revealed the siege mentality that is winning out within Carter's entourage.

The essence of the conventional arms section of PRM-10 is that the Army has suffered under Nixon and Ford at the expense of the Navy and the Air Force. While the services are supposed to be nonpartisan, each one has its political constituents. The Navy has long been the preserve of the Eastern Establishment; it fares well when patrician Democrats or progressive Republicans are in power, especially when their name is Roosevelt. The Air Force is a product of the newer reaches of the Sunbelt, the West and Southwest. Its politics are conservative, Republican and aggressive. Under Nixon and Ford, the Air Force was promised the B-1 bomber, a decision that Carter has reversed in favor of the other services. For reasons like this, the Air Force hates the Democrats. Finally, the Army has long been associated with the Democratic Party, particularly its Southern wing. The least elitist of the services, it has, along with the welfare state, seen its budget rise when Democrats come back to power after Republican administrations. (Even Eisenhower, a product of the Army, favored the Air Force while President.) This process has already begun under Carter, and PRM-10 is the intellectual attempt to rationalize it.

One of the reasons why the Democrats prefer the Army relates to the strategic theory adopted by the party's leading defense specialists in the years after World War II. Ever since the 1950s, and the publication of Maxwell Taylor's *The Uncertain Trumpet,* it has been an article of faith among Army-oriented defense theorists that a reliance on nuclear weapons alone was paralyzing. When Taylor emerged as a major policy-making figure under Kennedy, he pushed hard for the idea that, while any East-West conflict was barred because of nuclear weapons, the Army could fight local insurgencies in the southern half of the globe. Taylor was given his chance to prove his theory in Vietnam. He failed, totally, and one would have thought that the notion of using coventional arms as a supplement to nuclear stalemate was discredited once and for all. Yet remarkably, and as if Vietnam were a distant figment of the historical imagination, PRM-10 gives us exactly the same reasoning. This time, however, the locus of conventional arms will not be far off Vietnam but nearby Europe, and that is the greatest puzzle of all.

Early leaks about the content of PRM-10 suggested that the United States was prepared to write off parts of Germany in the event of a war over Europe. That is not what the document says. Rather, the conventional arms sections adopt the general practice of bemoaning one's own weakness in order to lay the ground for new increases. What PRM-10 actually says is that, *if things remain as they are,* then the United States would have to concede territory in Europe. But the point made is that things should not remain as they are. The central premise of PRM-10 is that "the United States will continue to view the security of Europe as a vital interest and will continue to participate actively in the defense of NATO." Thus, although the Soviets are thought to have a 2-to-1 edge of forces in central Europe, and although Western supplies are felt to be "critically low," quick action can turn the balance around and restore the credibility of a U.S. deterrent in the European theatre.

What makes PRM-10 so fascinating is that the section on Europe constitutes a whole new chapter in the history of American defense policy. In the past, both sides in the debate over American forces have agreed that conventional war became unthinkable in Europe when the Soviets developed nuclear weapons. The area

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was so important that any use of arms by either side would quickly escalate into atomic war. Following this logic, the Atlantic alliance strategy had been based on a document known as MC-14-3, which relies on tactical nuclear weapons to defend Europe. PRM-10 rejects that reasoning by suggesting that a conventional war in Europe is a possibility and that, if this is the case, American arms must be usable. "An airplane that won't fly because it needs a part is useless in an emergency," one Carter defense official told *The Christian Science Monitor*.

PRM-10 falls in line, therefore, with a revised concept of the U.S. defense structure that has reached its peak in the first year of the Carter administration. Under the emerging theory, the United States must do two controversial things, each of which will run into obstacles at home. First, we must maintain essential equivalence with the Soviet Union in nuclear weapons. This means a moderate buildup, rationalized through the SALT talks to keep it under control. The Carter administration will, therefore, reject any full-scale deployment of a nuclear weapons system unless it feels that an arms-control agreement is impossible. At the same time, whatever money is saved by not extending a nuclear system will go into conventional forces. Moreover, real (that is, adjusted for inflation) 3 percent a year increases in the defense budget will also be absorbed disproportionately by the conventional side. Within a few years, according to this projection, the conventional arms potentialites of the United States will once again be combat-ready.

But ready for what? Why make arms usable unless one is planning to use them? Conventional arms are not like nuclear ones; America has used its conventional weapons often. There is no guarantee that this administration will not contemplate their use again. Despite (in fact, because of) its talk of arms control, the administration is embarking on a campaign to develop an interventionist capacity for the United States. Incredible as it may sound, both PRM-10 and the new budget are the first steps in a strategy to reconstitute a viable American military force for use in "emergencies" throughout the world.

Support for this conclusion comes from a Presidential Directive issued by the National Security Council after PRM-10 was written. According to Huntington, the directive contained five major elements: first, a greater emphasis on the nonmilitary aspects of American foreign policy; second, a stress on the use of conventional arms in an age of nuclear parity; third, an emphasis on NATO and Europe, because in his words, "This is a Europe-oriented administration"; fourth, an emphasis on mobility, including the ability to deploy forces in the Third World, and fifth, a stress on the importance of the Middle East and the Persian Gulf area as second in importance only to Europe. This directive, apparently, was the basis for Carter's budgetary requests and constituted the assumptions behind his pleas for a European orientation in the State of the Union message.

When Huntington presented this summary of the directive to a seminar at Berkeley, there was a stunned silence throughout the room. It was clear that the administration was contemplating the same kind of global thinking that brought us Vietnam. Despite the disclaimer emphasizing nonmilitary aspects of foreign policy, the clear import of the directive was that mobility would become the hallmark of Carter's defense policy. For those who remember history, the resemblance to the 1950s was stunning. Then the Democrats attacked Eisenhower and Dulles for their lack of flexibility; now a close Carter adviser was saying that, under the Republicans, American forces had become immobile. The first task of the new administration was to make sure that our forces could be used when and where they were needed.

The specific details of the Carter budget requests support this emphasis on mobility. "Our budget first places particular priority and emphasis on weapons systems in support of the NATO alliance," Defense Secretary Brown noted when he presented the Defense budget on January 23. Since the administration does not expect Europe to assume more of the burden of its own defense, the most significant increases in the budget go for weapons that have a European application. Major increases are given to the UH-60A and CH-53 helicopters, both of which can move infantry and armored units from one area to another. The Army has been authorized to mass-produce the XM-1 tank. Tactical air support for troop movements will be produced, especially in the form of the A-10, A-4 and F-16 planes, and the one major new program for the Navy is the F-18 fighter, which has a similar potential. Brown was proud of the pro-Army bias of the budget: "I would also suggest that a billion-dollar increase in Army procurement over the previous year is a real initiative. It may not be as glamorous as an MX or a nuclear carrier, but it's very important to our combat capability." Although it is difficult to think of powerful nuclear weapons as glamorous, Brown does have a point. There is a logic to spending money on cheaper weapons that can be used as opposed to even fancier and more expensive ones that perpetuate stalemate.

Carter's emphasis on conventional arms and Europe is an attempt, in Huntington's term, "to fudge" the major differences within his administration. When right-wing cold-war militants bemoan the doctrine of essential equivalence, Huntington, the most conservative of the Carter advisers, can go to them and point out the increases for conventional arms. But when the Left complains about increases in the defense budget, other advisers can tell them that Carter is working on arms control and rejecting expensive nuclear weapons projects.

It sounds like a wonderful ploy for a centrist President. The only problem is that it contemplates the use of conventional arms in Europe, and, if Carter is wrong, the use of such weapons could lead the world to nuclear war. In this sense, the President's emphasis on usable forces for the European theatre is the most chilling news to come out of the brains of strategic theorists since the Truman era. For all their emphasis on big nuclear weapons, the Republicans were committing themselves to weapons that were, in effect, useless, since already existing weapons could blow up the world quite a few times. Carter's doctrine is far more danger-

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ous, yet it is being publicized as moderate and respectable. The fact that this danger has been ignored by most commentary on the new defense budget is, in itself, a fairly shocking commentary on how we think about war and peace at the present moment.

But not even the Carter hawks would lightly unleash conventional arms in Europe; they know that any war there could readily become nuclear. A second line of strategy underlies their projections. We now have "essential equivalence" with the Soviets in nuclear weapons, but we have not countered the buildup of the Red Army in Eastern Europe. Deploying conventional arms in Europe is a strategy of deterrence against the Red Army, to bring about the same stalemate there as in strategic arms. At the same time, those modernized conventional arms could be shifted elsewhere. Under the guise of equivalence, the United States is preparing for possible Middle East or Persian Gulf intervention. That is what the Presidential Directive really implies, and it is what makes Carter's budget a victory not for nuclear hardliners but for their conventional cousins.

Carter is rapidly becoming the most dangerous President we have ever had, in part because so few think he is. Can he propose and have passed a budget that speaks of installing combat-ready forces in Europe at a time when relations between the Soviet Union and the United States are, despite arms competition, more cooperative than they have been since World War II? That is a question Congress will answer, but as long as the idea of conventional war in Europe is accepted as rational, those who wish to avoid nuclear war will have their work cut out for them. □

THE CONGRESS PARTY WATERSHED

Mrs. Gandhi's Politics of Fission

ROBERT ZALISK

On January 3, after several months of increasingly bitter infighting over who in future is to lead India's once dominant Congress Party, the Congress expelled from its ranks Indira Gandhi, whose family had been at the party's head during all of its ninety-two years. Supporters of the former Prime Minister counter-expelled K. Bramananda Reddi, president of the party, whose position Mrs. Gandhi had been trying to win for herself over the past months. There is now an "official" Congress Party and an "Indira" Congress Party. Thus Mrs. Gandhi's expulsion doesn't yet quite mark the end of her involvement with the Congress, but it does mark a watershed for the party. Late this month, elections will be held in the few remaining Congress-controlled states, and if one faction takes substantially more seats, it will probably become the "real" Congress.

The new split in the Congress came just one year after Mrs. Gandhi unexpectedly announced that the national parliamentary elections, twice postponed during her eighteen months of authoritarian Emergency rule, would be held. Those elections handed the Congress the first national defeat in its history, and both Mrs. Gandhi and her son Sanjay, who had played a central role in her Emergency regime, were personally defeated.

Mrs. Gandhi's differences with the Congress are not new, nor have they changed much in substance. Ever since 1966 when, after the sudden death of Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri she became Prime Minister by decision of the inner group of Congress bosses known as "the Syndicate," her problem with the party has been primarily one of control: would *she* control it, or would there be some form of collective leadership?

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Mrs. Gandhi's most effective weapon against her rivals has been ideology—more accurately, the rhetoric of ideology. She has always been able to attribute to her opponents a reactionary or at least conservative position, while giving herself the image of one who favors change and supports the interests of the poor and downtrodden. She does so still: the motto of her new Congress group is, "Forward to Socialism."

Mrs. Gandhi's skill with this technique became apparent at the time of the first split in 1969. After the party's poor showing in the 1967 elections, the Syndicate began to question whether she was the pliable "consensus" Prime Minister they wanted. To hold her position, Mrs. Gandhi increasingly asserted her own authority. In July 1969, she used the occasion of the Bangalore session of the All-India Congress Committee (the "convention" of the full party) to begin publicly distancing herself from the Syndicate. She sent to the Working Committee, the party's policy-making group and power center, what she called "just some stray thoughts hurriedly dictated" on economic policy. "Stray" the thoughts may have been, but with them Mrs. Gandhi associated herself with the more radical elements of the party, particularly with the "Young Turks," and at the same time made it difficult for those of the Congress bosses who were Left-oriented to oppose her.

In response to the Working Committee's vote against her nominee for President of India (the committee had ignored her "stray thoughts" by accepting them unanimously), she took away the Finance portfolio from her chief rival, Morarji Desai (today Prime Minister in the Janata Party); in response, Desai quit his position as Deputy Prime Minister. Three days later, Mrs. Gandhi nationalized the banks.

Bank nationalization had long been on the Congress Party agenda, but Mrs. Gandhi's new decisiveness, especially as it followed so closely on her sacking of

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Morarji Desai, emphasized Desai's "conservative" image and made it seem that she was acting in defiance of the Syndicate (which in some measure, but for other reasons, she was). It also gave credence to what would become her increasing claims that she wanted to move India in a new and more radical direction, while those who opposed her did not. The split in the party eventually came that November when Mrs. Gandhi was able to engineer the election of her own man for President over the party's (i.e., the Syndicate's) choice.

Mrs. Gandhi's behavior has followed a similar pattern ever since. "Radical" or "Socialist" rhetoric would be associated with some token or isolated action; she would identify her opponents with the "conservative" position, and then muster up support for a showdown. In each instance there might well be some measure of truth in the charge—on the particular issue Mrs. Gandhi had chosen, her opponents of the moment probably did hold a more "conservative" position than whatever was her newly voiced stand on the matter. Yet never in almost a dozen years in power did Mrs. Gandhi put forward a comprehensive program. Throughout, her emphasis focused only on finding loyal supporters. By doing so, she significantly altered the way in which the Congress Party functioned.

Previously, Congress members had risen to the top of the party through the untidy democracy of pork-barrel politics. Each had a solid local or regional base. Collective leadership was natural because it was necessary; and incidentally it facilitated democratic procedures. By rewarding her loyal supporters with important positions in the party and the government, Mrs. Gandhi upset this traditional route of professional advancement.

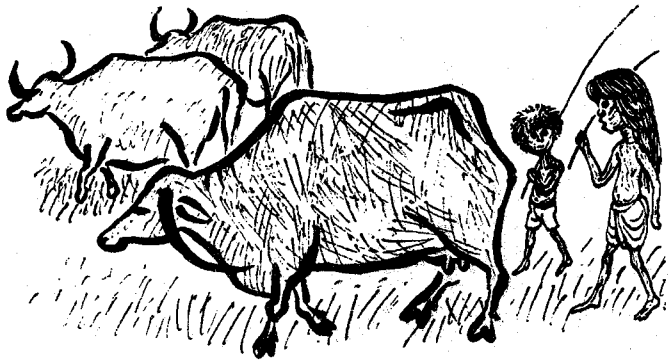
In addition, after her landslide re-election in 1971, in campaigning for which she promised a reform program that would abolish poverty, Mrs. Gandhi also began to maneuver her personal party favorites into positions of power in the states. She expected that this would have the double advantage of separating her party rivals from their bases of support and securing state-level cooperation for whatever proved to be her own national priorities or policies. As a result, popularly elected local-level politicians began to have less say over the allocation and distribution of government goods and services in their constituencies because their superiors no longer needed their support to remain in office.

To implement the country's development plans, Mrs. Gandhi increasingly relied on the bureaucracy. In turn, the bureaucracy depended on traditionally powerful groups such as landowners or heads of dominant castes, or made alliances with those politicians who would use special favors to gain influence—payoffs, the granting of licenses, the whole spectrum of activities associated with the "black" economy that by 1975 amounted to 10 percent or more of the country's gross national product.

With this centralizing trend in the party and in the bureaucracy went a concurrent buildup of police and intelligence forces as a new and separate bureaucracy under the direct control of the Prime Minister. The Central Reserve Police, the Border Security Forces, the Central Industrial Security Force, the Research and Analysis Wing (the intelligence arm of the Prime Minister's secretariat) all came into being or were greatly expanded after Mrs. Gandhi became Prime Minister. These developments created the framework for a new political structure, one that had few links to any local community or groups and was responsible only to a chain of command leading down from the top. (At the same time, it was highly vulnerable to penetration by special interests.) This structure was most fully realized during the Emergency.

At first, certainly, the Emergency was another of Mrs. Gandhi's hasty improvisations, thrown together to secure her positions in a crumbling situation. And once again it was to meet a threat from within the Congress Party that she acted.

In June 1975, Mrs. Gandhi was found guilty of election malpractices committed in the course of her 1971 campaign, a verdict for the most part upheld by the one member of the Supreme Court sitting as the "vacation" court. Most newspapers and all the opposition parties began clamoring for her to resign. At the same time, the economy was in great distress, and the nonviolent protest movement of Jayaprakash Narayan was gaining support across the north, the heartland of Congress strength. Still worse, perhaps, although the Prime Minister had campaigned vigorously, the party had just lost state elections in Gujarat to a "People's Front" coalition. With parliamentary elections expected in six months, Mrs. Gandhi was rapidly becoming a liability to her party.



Abu, Indian Express (New Delhi)
What Are You Going to Be When You Grow up—Illiterate or Unemployed?

When Chandrashekher, leader of the "Young Turks" and a member of the Working Committee, began meeting with Jagjivan Ram, Minister of Food in her Cabinet (and her original choice for President against the Syndicate back in 1969), Mrs. Gandhi acted. Ram, with his rival Y.B. Chavan, were Mrs. Gandhi's most likely successors. In the midnight hours of June 26, she declared the Emergency. Chandrashekher was among the hundreds of people thrown into prison that first night and Ram was placed under house arrest, although officially it was said he was simply being "protected."

The Emergency was of course presented as an advance for socialism and a defense of India's democracy. Mrs.

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Gandhi quickly announced a progressive twenty-point economic program to back up the claims, but most of the points were remarkably similar to her "stray thoughts" of half a dozen years earlier—and the program included just as much provision for their implementation.

The Emergency gave Mrs. Gandhi a chance at last to gain full control over the Congress Party. Her younger son, Sanjay, was appointed to the Executive Council of the Youth Congress. He used this hitherto rather moribund wing of the party to build up a group of followers who held no other Congress loyalties. The development culminated in late November of 1976, when some 15,000 Youth Congress members held the organization's first national conference. The participants mixed adulation of Sanjay with idealistic statements about tackling India's problems. "Sanjay Gandhi," one poster at the conference proclaimed, "you are the helmsman of our new India, the country's last resort!"

Very soon the power of the government—at least the part of it that was most feared—had moved to Sanjay's satrapy at 1 Akbar Road, across the street from his mother's official residence. In mid-December, a few weeks after the Youth Congress convention, Sanjay's supporters launched a broad intraparty attack. By the end of the month, in Orissa State in the east, they had forced the resignation of the Congress Chief Minister, Nandini Satpathy (one of Mrs. Gandhi's own appointees). In early January they ousted Rajni Patel, president of the powerful Bombay Party organization. Contrary to the impression widely held in the United States that the Congress Party was united behind her when Mrs. Gandhi called the parliamentary elections a year ago, this factional fight was being waged.

The rapid rise in the party of Sanjay and his cronies contributed to India's sense of unease at that time. The country was in a recession, yet inflation had begun to climb again. In several places in the north, people had taken up arms against the forced sterilization and forced relocation programs, and violence had broken out in many areas. A poor harvest was predicted. Conditions were expected to grow worse.

At that moment, however, the opposition was disorganized or mostly still in prison, while Mrs. Gandhi's potential opponents in the Congress were on the defensive. She calculated that a quick, efficient, well-financed campaign against a scattered, demoralized and impoverished opposition, would bring an easy victory. Her selection of who would run for the Congress would consolidate Sanjay's supporters in the party. And the expected victory would legitimize the Emergency and the changes Mrs. Gandhi had made in the government, thus appearing to confirm her claim that India was still a democracy. In the difficult times to come she could say she had been given a mandate to act as she saw fit. Her decision to call the elections was hailed as yet another of her brilliant political maneuvers.

As many as 200 Congress Party candidacies, more than a third of the seats in Parliament, were to be given to Sanjay's Youth Congress. However, at the very moment Mrs. Gandhi began to distribute the party "tickets" (i.e., nominations) to her assembled chieftains, the storm broke that brought the "Janata flood": Jagjivan Ram left the Congress Party and set up the "Congress for Democracy" (CFD). His open defiance helped not only to insure disorder within the Congress ranks; it also undermined in a subtle but vitally important way the edifice of fear and favor that had been built around Sanjay.

Mrs. Gandhi quickly cast the Youth Congress adrift. The party regulars who controlled the local apparatus for bringing out the vote had to be given the tickets or, with an acceptable and viable alternative now open to them in Ram's CFD, they too might defect, taking with them their local-level canvassers and election workers. In the end, Mrs. Gandhi's eleventh-hour embrace of the regulars made no difference. In the Hindi heartland of Haryana, Punjab, Uttar Pradesh and Bihar, where in 1971 the Congress had won 129 of the possible 160 seats, in March 1977 it won not a single contest.

Mrs. Gandhi's response to this defeat is that the "official" Congress which expelled her has been unduly apologetic and defensive about it—since, she says, the "real cause" was a "reactionary combine of internal and external forces." Yet again, she presents herself as being "forward-looking" and "progressive."

The Emergency and its abuses, however, stick to her. Just after her expulsion from the Congress, though coincidentally, she was cited for contempt by the Shah Commission that is investigating the Emergency. She had refused to recognize the commission's jurdisdiction over her and refused to answer its questions. More serious charges against her are expected to come. Despite the bravado of her words, Mrs. Gandhi needs the protection and the legitimacy she hopes will come with being the head of a party, and for this reason she struggled to gain that position in the full Congress all this past year.

The staging of Mrs. Gandhi's latest bid for control of the Congress followed much the same pattern as the first split she engineered eight years ago and, in addition, her new break was carefully timed for the state elections coming this month. But this time Mrs. Gandhi is not Prime Minister; she is not riding a wave of manufactured popularity; she does not have any patronage positions to spread around; nor is her party—either faction—even in office. Furthermore, on January 31 the Supreme Court upheld an election commission ruling that denied her faction the use of the Congress symbol on the ballot of a cow and a calf. This may be another serious setback, since for so long she has been identified with only that symbol. There is little chance that her group which this time seems to be the minority in any case, could have anything more than a modest electoral success, and it is more likely that neither Congress faction will fare well.

Yet Mrs. Gandhi cannot be written off quite yet as a factor to be reckoned with in Indian politics. For the past three decades the primary asset of the Congress Party was the simple fact that it held power. Now, without the patronage and other amenities of office, and suddenly finding itself with no readily identifiable ideo-

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logical position (since it so complacently followed Mrs. Gandhi's yoga-like rhetorical contortions for so long), the "official" branch of the Congress is in a weak position, even though for the moment it holds the majority of party members. What had once been the party's amazing sponge-like resiliance because of its local base, Mrs. Gandhi transformed into a coral-like brittleness. Should the regular Congress fare especially badly in the coming elections, Mrs. Gandhi, as after the 1969 split, could possibly again prevail. A harbinger of this possibility was the victory (by 261 votes) of her faction's candidate over the Janata candidate in a New Delhi municipality by-election on January 30.

However, whether as leader of another "new" Congress Party or as a posturing politician of the headlines, Mrs. Gandhi's further influence on India's political development can only be mischievous. Her chief contribution over the past dozen years has been to make India's politics increasingly similar to the politics of most other developing nations. The main thrust of political activity became the maintenance of her personal position. It was a matter of different factions or personalities inside an elite group fighting one another, while the terms and the substance of their differences came to have less and less relevance to the lives and needs of the common people.

The elections last March didn't fully end this situation. Even as the Congress has continued to be preoccupied with Mrs. Gandhi, so the ruling Janata Party has been busy sorting out its own disparate factions. At present Indian politics are in flux. No party, not the Janata nor either faction of the Congress, has the support of the electorate. In this situation the new split in the Congress, following on the March elections, gives India a new and rare opportunity.

To achieve political ascendancy two routes are now open to party leaders. They can continue their dozen-year-long game of jockeying among themselves for position. Mrs. Gandhi's continued involvement would predispose the parties, at least the Janata and whatever remains of the Congress, to follow this path. However irrelevant such further inter-elite posturing might be to India's needs, this is the path of least resistance, the way of what has become habit, the course of inertia, and these alone exert powerful momentum.

Alternatively, the parties can go back to the countryside to reconstitute and define anew, on the basis of the people's real needs and aspirations, the interchange that is necessary in a democratic polity between citizens and their government. If the parties fail to do this now, they probably will not get another chance. □

THE LYNN COLEMAN APPOINTMENT

A Good Word for the Revolving Door

REP. BOB ECKHARDT

In the issue of November 12, 1977, we criticized editorially James Schlesinger's appointment of a "registered oil lobbyist out of John Connally's Houston law firm to be general counsel of his [Energy] department." That man, Lynn Coleman, is now being considered by the Senate and we publish below an argument by Rep. Bob Eckhardt (D., Texas) for his confirmation.

At issue here is a weighing of the merits and hazards of the "revolving door" relationship that exists in this country between private business and public service. The government logically seeks to appoint to its agencies men and women who have substantial knowledge of the areas in which they would work. But such persons, almost inevitably, have associations with and attitudes toward the industries they will be expected to supervise. In this situation, the Senate must examine not only the candidate's ability and experience but his or her character or principles. Such, at least, is the theory.

Representative Eckhardt, who appears here as Mr. Coleman's defender, is known in Washington as a liberal Congressman with deep commitment to the public interest. He is the immediate past president of the Democratic Study Group, the liberal caucus of the House. He has always opposed deregulation of natural gas, and he drafted the Staggers-Eckhardt Amendment to the Oil and Conservation Act of 1975, which brought "new" oil under federal regulation, and was bitterly opposed by oil interests.

In view of this record, we believe readers will be interested in his reasons for thinking that the country will profit from the presence of Lynn Coleman in the Department of Energy.

Lynn Coleman, a young man, is in what are considered the most active years of a trial lawyer's career. President Carter appointed him to the position of general counsel to the new Energy Department, and his confirmation hearing before the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources raises interesting ethical issues concerning the proper U.S. policy about movement from private to public life.

Of course, the government has frequently tapped law firms for public service, and there have been notable examples of this in Texas, the most striking occurring during Wilson's administration. The firm was Gregory, Batts and Brooks. Gregory was Wilson's Attorney General and Batts came to Washington to aid in prosecuting some of the major antitrust cases during the great era of trust busting. The firm was small but distinguished, composed only of the three partners; though they had personally represented corporate clients, not a breath of criticism of either Gregory or Batts reflected on the quality of their public service.

Coleman has practiced with Vinson and Elkins, one

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of the largest and most prestigious law firms in Houston. There are 240 lawyers in the firm, and former Secretary of the Treasury John Connally is one of the senior partners. The firm is old, and Connally is relatively new in it. Two other firms in Houston, Baker and Botts, and Fulbright and Jaworski, employ from 200 to 250 lawyers each. Fulbright and Jaworski represents a number of oil and gas interests—as does Vinson and Elkins. (The former firm's revolving-door relationship with government is well-known, and I have not heard it urged that Leon Jaworski's predilections, developed through long association as a partner with that firm, disqualify him for public service.)

I think the public still envisages a law firm as small, like Gregory, Batts and Brooks, rather than huge, like Vinson and Elkins. When critics say Lynn Coleman is in John Connally's law firm, they picture Connally, Coleman and a few other lawyers engaging together as comrades in arms in "often successful legal battles on behalf of such clients as Union Oil Company, Continental Oil Company, and other major oil and natural gas firms," as Sen. Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio) puts it. Although Metzenbaum fairly and accurately added that Coleman was never personally involved in handling cases on behalf of major oil companies, and that Coleman had asserted that his experience with smaller companies did not make him partial and biased in favor of oil and gas interests, criticism of the appointment did not diminish. Nor did Metzenbaum blunt his attack.

Perhaps a third of the young Texas lawyers graduating with high marks each year go to the Houston metropolitan area; another third, to the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Since the big Texas firms vigorously recruit talent from the law schools of the state and the top law schools throughout the country, it may be conservatively estimated that these big firms in the three cities get about half of the young lawyers with the highest marks entering practice in Houston, Dallas and Forth Worth. Are the very substantial number of lawyers who are in these firms or pass through them so tainted as to be disqualified for later public appointment?

Twelve years ago, Lynn Coleman was one of these promising young recruits. He had grown up in Vernon, Texas, and gone to the University of Texas Law School after graduating from Abilene Christian College. When he finished law school, he spent a year as a clerk with federal Judge John Brown and then went to Vinson and Elkins. Over the next twelve years he rose to the status of partner and then to head the firm's Washington office. Coleman has said—and none of his factual presentations were challenged—that about 3 percent of his time in his Washington practice had been spent advising major oil companies, about 50 percent had been spent working on matters for the government of Puerto Rico, and the rest involved representing a diverse assortment of clients, including Houston Natural Gas Company, an intrastate pipeline. This background raised suspicions in Senator Metzenbaum's mind about the new appointee.

Senator Metzenbaum is an astute and thorough man. His examination of witnesses in hearings and his performance in conferences between Senate and House conferees display his ability as an advocate. But he is able in other ways: he has a strong feeling that the broad public interest should be protected against narrower private interests. Therefore, he was less impressed that the twelve years during which Lynn Coleman had occasionally represented oil and natural gas interests would improve his skills as general counsel than he was fearful that such an experience might bias Coleman's legal judgment in important policy matters in favor of those former clients.

Moreover, Metzenbaum and Sen. James Abourezk (D., S.D.), who had strongly supported the President's program to contain gas prices within reasonable bounds, had been stung by the Presidential Whip when the Vice President and the leadership of the Senate killed their filibuster in order to hasten passage of energy legislation through the Senate in *any* form.

Against this background, it is understandable that Senator Metzenbaum approached the Coleman confirmation in, to say the least, an uncooperative spirit. He must have felt that the President had played into his hands by submitting the appointment of a Connally partner, an oil-and-gas fox to guard the people's chicken coop. What a ready-made forum this was to explore the threat of conflict of interest within the energy agency! And he exploited the situation.

The confirmation hearing afforded a good stage for a blistering attack, but there was not much substance for it. Coleman had arranged to sever all relations with his law firm permanently and to handle no cases in which it had been involved. Senator Metzenbaum, to his credit, began his examination of Coleman by saying: "In order to clarify the record, I intend to ask some specific questions about the issues I have raised." He then cited a series of cases in which Coleman had participated. It could be argued that they revealed a bias on Coleman's part in favor of oil and gas interests, to the detriment of the general public, and that they ought therefore to disqualify Coleman from appointment to the office for which he had been named. Despite his perhaps preconceived view of the Coleman confirmation, he conducted the hearing interrogation fairly.

There were no startling disclosures. Coleman, as a young lawyer, had participated on the brief in two typical examples of corporate representation, one involving United Gas Pipeline Company, concerning what should be the proper rate base for pipeline charges, and another involving Austral Oil Company, which sought to uphold in court the Federal Power Commission's grant of a gas price of 18.5¢ based on certain factors that went beyond "cost base pricing."

The latter case was the more important. The FPC had generally adhered closely to "cost based" pricing of natural gas at the wellhead. In the Austral case the FPC did not abandon cost as a basis of pricing but broadened the criteria for judging what costs are involved in production. The case importantly affected existing energy policy and law by significantly broaden-

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ing the base and permitting higher prices.

Then Senator Metzenbaum brought up another case in which Coleman was more actively involved, the Trans-Ocean Oil Company case. There, the FPC was demanding information concerning gas reserves in the area where Trans-Ocean was drilling. Trans-Ocean sought to withhold this information, contending that to make it public would give its competitors important data for bidding on other "blocks" or areas in which it was also interested in bidding. The commission finally ordered the company to submit the data, but only after bids and sales on certain "off set blocks" had been completed. The case was a typical conflict between two commercial interests.

Then Senator Metzenbaum referred to the Montana Power case, the only one in which he found Coleman's advocacy to his liking. Senator Metcalf had previously praised Coleman's participation in this litigation, which he called a "very remarkable series of cases." Coleman had represented Montana producers against the Montana Power Company.

Finally, Senator Metzenbaum referred to the Puerto Rican case. Crude oil refined in Puerto Rico was unusually expensive because it consisted almost wholly of foreign oil. Under federal law, refiners are permitted to pass costs of crude oil on to the consumer in higher prices for products like gasoline, diesel fuel and heating oil. The extension of the refiner rule to Puerto Rico made subsidiaries of the United States refiners base the prices for their products on the nationwide refining cost of their parent companies rather than directly pass through the higher cost incurred in buying refiner products from the island refiner, Commonwealth Oil Refining Company, which accounted for 80 percent of Puerto Rican supplies for consumption.

Senator Metzenbaum found it "probably confirmable" that Coleman's successful defense of the rule saved consumers of Puerto Rico $144 million a year. But he claimed that the case was really a contest between Shell, on the one side, and Texaco, Mobil and Exxon on the other. Shell supported the Federal Energy Administration's position, which was favorable to Puerto Rican consumers.

This history of former law practice is not very revealing, except to show ability and experience. In the hearing, Sen. Bennett Johnston (D., La.) had said to Coleman:

> We have been talking about a counsel's job here. It is just absolutely inconceivable to me . . . that we would deny you a spot of general counsel because you had experience in the private sector.

But the Louisiana Senator, who has been strongly pro-oil and gas on the Energy Conference Committee, was inclined to be friendly to a lawyer with oil and gas experience.

Senator Metzenbaum then very properly explored Coleman's lobbying activities for Houston Natural Gas Company. Since Houston Natural operates within the state, it is not a "jurisdictional pipeline": the Federal Power Commission does not regulate its rates with respect to its purchase, sale and transportation of gas. Thus, Houston Natural may buy gas *in Texas* and sell it to Houston Lighting & Power Company *in Texas* without having either the price of the gas or the cost of its transportation controlled by the FPC. But it may not buy gas for the interstate market and mix it with the gas it is transporting for use solely in Texas without making the total mix "jurisdictional," and thereby making itself a pipeline subject to FPC regulation.

The energy legislation now being considered would tend to move gas from use in industries in Texas, where it is produced, to homes throughout the country. This is the opposite direction to that toward which gas has moved in the past. It had been moving into the intrastate market, where it was sold at uncontrolled prices about three times those of gas going to interstate use. The proposed legislation would stop this trend. Further, it would phase out the use of gas for boiler fuel by both direct prohibition and taxes on certain uses *not* prohibited. Even with the increased prices permitted by recent FPC decisions and the even higher prices permitted under the proposed legislation, gas would still be a bargain compared to oil, and its value is further enhanced by its being the cleanest of fuels.

This movement of gas from the intrastate market to the interstate market would of course leave gas pipelines, that had previously carried only intrastate gas, functioning at less than capacity, thus inefficiently. It is as if a train of 100 railroad cars, each full of oil, should be compelled to operate half full, while another train was provided to carry oil to interstate users. It is obvious that it would be better and cheaper to use the excess capacity of the first 100-car train. But if, in order for the intrastate pipeline to use its excess capacity to carry interstate gas, it must subject all its gas and all its carriage to FPC control, the pipeline will elect to operate with a less than full load. Thus, each 1,000 cubic feet of gas which makes up the less than full load will cost more, and the fuel bills will rise for both residential and industrial consumers in Texas. Also, if new *inter*state pipelines must be built to deliver gas that could have been handled through the excess capacity of the old intrastate pipelines, such will add an additional cost burden to *inter*state gas.

Coleman, as a lobbyist for Houston Natural Gas Company, brought this to my attention, and I drew an amendment, which became part of the House-passed bill, to permit intrastate pipelines to use their excess capacity to move gas into interstate commerce, without giving the FPC the power to control their gas that remains in intrastate use.

In the confirmation hearings, Senator Metzenbaum called the amendment "the Coleman Amendment" and characterized it as a loophole for moving gas at unregulated prices into the interstate market. What he *failed* to recognize was that the amendment required the FPC to pass on the arrangements and to approve them only if it were assured that the prices involved were "fair and equitable."

Coleman's activity as a lobbyist throws more light on his character and ethics than does the history of his law practice. There are essentially three types of lobbyists in Washington: the old-fashioned beefsteak-

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and-bourbon lobbyist; the new-fashioned Washington emissary lobbyist, and the lawyer lobbyist. The first kind influences through affability, sometimes verging on bribery. The second compels by organizing support or opposition at home. The third persuades by showing ways of solving problems or reconciling differences.

Coleman is of the third type. The talents of such a person are of the kind most desired in a Congressional staff member or an attorney in an administrative agency. And when one having these talents is known to be a person of candor with a natural impulse to act in the public interest, such a person is a prime candidate for appointment and for confirmation in a job like that of general counsel of the Energy Department.

My experience with Coleman in matters such as the excess pipeline capacity question goes back a number of years. I have found him a useful adviser and confidant in other matters where his expertise and my interest coincided. His representation of Houston Natural is a good example. In that matter Coleman did not act improperly. He argued in support of the amendment, and its adoption was of course favorable to his client. But he made no misrepresentations and did not attempt to affect the legislative process by any improprieties. His lobbying efforts were limited to presenting legal and economic arguments.

Senator Metzenbaum's skeptical view of the amendment was also not at all improper. Though his criticisms were developed in a "stop Coleman" movement, they raised legitimate points. Generally, the FPC's standard is based upon the judgment that the price is "just and reasonable." Here the standard rested upon the language "fair and equitable." This might be construed to be a less rigid standard, but it was necessary to use language other than that of the Natural Gas Act because all the judicial baggage that "just and reasonable" carried could not practically be carried over to a determination respecting a pipeline whose economic structure would not be subject to total FPC scrutiny and control.

Senator Metzenbaum also raised this precaution: that we make sure that the amendment not be a vehicle for the intrastate pipeline to "broker" gas, thus drawing off a middleman's profit in addition to a reasonable profit for transportation. We are working on these points in conference now, and the Senator and I are in substantial agreement.

Sen. Henry Jackson (D., Wash.), who seemed generally favorable to Coleman, raised another question: Should a person of integrity and character, who clearly possesses a high level of competence and against whom there is no evidence of wrongdoing, *nevertheless* be disqualified from serving in a high public post *if* there were an appearance of taint because he had represented interests which he must control after his appointment? While assuring Coleman he did not personally question his probity, Senator Jackson worried about how the public

LETTERS (*Continued from page 162*)

Finally, Hartman might have more forcefully pointed out that the basic weakness of all three books (not only Starr's) lies in their failure to come to grips with the structural aberrations of our society which inevitably produces urban slums, inordinately high-cost housing, racial segregation and public policies that only exacerbate social polarization and economic inequality.

Robert Schur

(The writer is author of "Prescription for the South Bronx," *The Nation*, Jan. 21.)

Buckley's blunder

Cincinnati, Ohio

It has long been clear that those who cherish the mentality of the cold war will exert themselves to obstruct any relaxation of tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union. In the current unpredictable situation in the Middle East such persons are seeking to turn things to the advantage of their yearning for sharper Soviet-American conflict. And it appears that if facts are in the way, so much the worse for them.

A case in point is the William Buckley column carried in dozens of American newspapers on December 9. The article is built around a statement attributed to Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko in which Gromyko, addressing a dinner in honor of Syrian Foreign Minister Khaddam, supposedly stated, "The imperialist circles of the West are depicting as a courageous step the laying of a wreath at the grave of the unknown Israeli soldier in Jerusalem. But that soldier occupied the soil of Syria, Egypt, Jordan and Palestine. He killed Syrians, Egyptians, Jordanians and Palestinians. It is amazing that this can be described as 'courage.'" Buckley then goes on to rail at the crudity of Soviet diplomatic rhetoric and concludes that "Gromyko does not want stability in the Middle East." There is however a problem with this Buckley piece. The comment quoted by Buckley appeared in the November 30th *New York Times* in a report by Moscow correspondent Craig Whitney. In the Whitney article it clearly appears that it was Mr. Khaddam, not Gromyko, who spoke those words. Gromyko is quoted only to the effect that the Sadat initiative was aimed at "exploding" a Geneva conference and also as observing, "Let us wait and see how the current negotiations and consultations conclude." That statement perhaps did not suit Mr. Buckley and he rather hastily jumped to ascribing tougher language to Gromyko. In the process he stumbled over the detail of who said what to whom.

Such journalism obscures the reality that in its response to the recent moves the Soviet Union has been exercising restraint, taking into account that the Geneva conference seems to recede indefinitely into the future and that Sadat's initiatives are plainly aimed to exclude the Soviets from any significant role in a Middle East settlement. Late in 1977 Mr. Brzezinski, according to the *Times*, "seemed to assign a later and more limited role to the Soviet Union than the administration had previously indicated." That a comprehensive, durable settlement can be produced without American and Soviet agreement is still a most dubious proposition. It will be most regrettable if we allow the possibility for this agreement to vanish into the distance, along with the Geneva conference.

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could be convinced "that someone who has been so closely identified in a firm with the oil industry" could "really fulfill the important obligations that fall on the office of general counsel."

Sen. John Durkin (D., N.H.) asked Coleman in the hearing the following question which I paraphrase:

> I have nothing but admiration for your ability and respect your integrity, but how do I tell the people of New Hampshire and New England that you, as general counsel for the Department of Energy, are going to solve the national energy problems for them when you have been an oil company lawyer?

How can such a question be answered?

It seems to me that Senators have an obligation to discover for the people of New England and the rest of the country whether *in fact* Lynn Coleman has become indelibly tainted by his oil and gas associations. Their obligation is the more serious when they deal with a man about whom they admit there is no evidence of wrongdoing and about whose ability and integrity there is substantial and unchallenged evidence. Further, they must examine each nominee on his or her individual merits. The Coleman case seems to me to demonstrate conclusively that no general rule can possibly be applied without seriously restricting the government in recruiting people sufficiently talented and experienced to deal with technical problems, such as those involved in regulating the oil and gas business.

The result of the Coleman confirmation proceeding described here will probably be final by the time this is printed. Whatever the result, the issues involved in it and the manner in which they were considered *matter*. People will inevitably move outward through the revolving door at the portal of public service. We should not deplore the fact that they sometimes move inward. The Senate should welcome those who are honest, qualified and well motivated to perform public service and bar those who are not. This should be the only rule or standard. □

POWER AND THE PEOPLE

THE HAZARDS OF HIGH WIRES

JOEL RAY

The Power Authority of the state of New York (PASNY) is fed up with 765,000-volt transmission lines. On December 23, PASNY Chairman Frederick Clark said that, under his leadership, the authority would build no more of the huge lines (they have the highest voltage of any in the world) because citizen protest against the first such line, now being built in New York from Fort Covington, near the Quebec border, to Utica, has been too intense to risk repetition.

Although Clark denied that 765 kv lines were either uneconomical or unsafe, those allegations—among others—have been the substance of the protest. Steadily increasing their opposition to the line over the past three years, citizens of northern New York have argued that it is unnecessary, a probable danger to public health and safety, will permanently degrade farmland along its 155-mile route, and that the process by which it has been approved was totally beyond public control because PASNY abused its broad legitimate power and, going yet further, resorted to illegitimate power.

Largely because of the force of these arguments, landowners and other citizens have blocked access to construction sites at various times this past year (there have been some fifty arrests), and have challenged the legality of the project in the courts. The protest has been supported by environmental and energy groups in and out of New York State. Last March more than 1,000 people swarmed along the hilly road from Russell to Edwards, in southern St. Lawrence County, for a rally against the line; among the groups which either sent representatives or messages of support were the National Intervenors, Citizens Against Sterling, Friends of the Earth, Syracuse Peace Council and the Clamshell Alliance. The once quiet and politically impotent north country has never seen anything like it. Neither has PASNY; thus Clark's announcement.

Residents here in the north country, where trust in PASNY is thoroughly compromised, thought at first that Clark might be playing another of the authority's public relations games. But if he and his trustees make good on the promise of no more 765s, the New York Power Pool's long-range plans for a statewide network of these lines, linking New York with Ontario, Quebec and other Northeastern states, may never materialize. Clark's statement must encourage other groups around the state that have formed to fight 765 kv transmission, and if private utilities such as Rochester Gas and Electric and Niagara Mohawk decide to press on with their plans for lines of their own they may well come to financial grief, not to mention damaged images.

The private companies have neither the financial latitude nor the freedom from regulation that PASNY enjoys, and so must balance the alleged economy of the big lines against the risks they pose. Most important, the Public Service Commission (PSC), which will rule in a few months on the operating parameters of 765 kv lines, might decide to order rights of way widened well beyond the 250 feet which PASNY and the utilities deem adequate, thus forcing more land acquisition. In addition, the U.S. Supreme Court might rule that the federal

Joel Ray, who runs a bookstore in upstate New York, is active in community environmental affairs.

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government can pay the legal expenses of protesters, who are at a tremendous financial disadvantage in the courts (the Justice Department recently filed a brief in favor of such a ruling). Those changed conditions would probably price 765 kv lines out of existence in New York.

So Clark's statement hardly seems a mere soothing gesture. Moreover, and wholly aside from the question of long-range transmission plans in New York, his statement suggests to opponents of the line that PASNY's ability to function virtually free of restraint may have been seriously damaged by the protest against this single project.

Created during the depression to provide cheap hydro power to municipal and rural cooperatives, PASNY has gradually extracted broader mandates from the state legislature for further hydro development and, recently, for construction of nuclear plants and ultra-high-voltage transmission lines. As an "instrumentality of the state" it is surrounded by legal protections and various regulatory exemptions that make it almost uncontrollable. It is entitled to automatic stays against court injunctions; it can condemn private property; it enjoys the use of tax-free bonds to finance its projects; it is exempt from taxation on property and from environmental conservation law. Most significantly for New York energy planning, PASNY, unlike private utilities, need not prove to the PSC that its projects are even necessary.

PASNY's projects do require other approvals—in the case of the 765 kv line, from the Federal Power Commission (FPC) and the New York PSC. And its contract with Quebec Hydro for the power to be shipped along this line for use by New York City had to be approved by both the Quebec Provincial Government and the Canadian National Energy Board. However, the U.S. and New York approvals required only adequate proof of environmental compatibility, and somehow PASNY managed to get a special Congressional exemption from filing an Environmental Impact Statement with the FPC, so only the PSC had to be satisfied that the line was environmentally sound. And that's where things began to go wrong.

PASNY's application to the PSC, required under Article VII of the New York Public Service Law, struck the PSC staff and Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) lawyers as evasive on questions of health and safety. The application was filed in 1973, about when the physicist, Louise Young, published *Power Over People*. The book was an account of a citizens' battle over a 765 kv line in Ohio in the late 1960s, and raised some serious questions not only about the economic and environmental wisdom of building overhead lines of that very high capacity but about their safety for human beings living near them. Ms. Young's main concern was the electrochemical pollution—release of ozone and oxides of nitrogen—caused by the corona discharge (the release of electrons), but in the final pages she hinted that an even greater danger might lie in the enormously powerful electromagnetic fields extending great distances from the conductors. Some preliminary research had suggested that, though the fields were of extremely low frequency—60 hertz—they might penetrate human tissue, even at weak voltage levels, and cause biological damage. (See also "High Tension on the Prairie," *The Nation*, October 30, 1976, in which Mark McKeon reports on a power-line battle in Minnesota.)

The PSC thus decided to hold hearings specifically to determine whether the line, as designed, would be safe. It would seek to learn from expert scientific testimony whether induced shocks would be dangerous to persons touching conductible objects in the vicinity of the line, whether electrochemical pollution would be significant and, most important, whether the electromagnetic fields could cause biological effects. These hearings began late in 1975. The PSC staff, representing the public interest, invited several scientists to testify, among them Drs. Andrew Marino and Robert Becker, both of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Syracuse.

Marino, a biophysicist, and Becker, chief of orthopedic surgery at the hospital, had been applying small electrical currents to broken bones which would not heal naturally, and had discovered that this procedure succeeded in healing the bones 76 percent of the time. But as they were unsure whether it was the current or the associated electric field which caused the biological change, they performed experiments on rats and mice in which only the fields were applied. They then found that in healthy animals deleterious effects appeared—most specifically symptoms of stress and, possibly, an increased rate of mortality.

At the time when the PSC asked them to testify, they had themselves experimented with field levels approximating those that would occur under a 765 kv line, and as the hearings progressed they presented evidence from more than sixty independent experiments which tended to support their own findings. When the hearings finally ended, two years and 14,000 pages of testimony later, there was irrefutable evidence that 765 kv lines could cause a variety of perturbations in biological systems: cardiovascular difficulties, stress, alteration in blood chemistry, disorders of the central nervous system, loss in growth rate, and certain more subjective disorders such as anxiety and irritability. Many of these results had been obtained during experiments in which the subjects' distance from the field corresponded to distances of hundreds of yards from the center line of a 765 kv line. Yet PASNY and the two private utilities which were co-applicants in the hearings, Rochester Gas and Electric and Niagara Mohawk, insisted that a 250-foot right of way was adequate.

The hearings were bitter. When it became clear that the utilities could not refute Marino and Becker effectively, their tactics became aggressively personal; they accused Marino, especially, of being partisan and questioned his scientific objectivity. When he wrote a letter to a Rochester paper, they contrived to intercept it. They threatened to subpoena CBS's *60 Minutes* for material provided by Marino (a hollow threat, it turned out). They demanded unlimited time for cross-examination, once questioning Marino for eight days running. It was

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clear by the end of the hearing that PASNY and the utilities were prepared to discredit Marino any way they could. Francis X. Wallace, PASNY's attorney in the hearings, went at it a bit too aggressively, however: Marino is suing him for slander to the tune of $1 million.

Marino had recommended to the state commission that the right of way be extended to 1,800 feet in order to provide a reasonable measure of human safety from the fields. Last August 30, the PSC staff issued its final conclusions after a close examination of the hearing record. Its first conclusion: "The 765 kv line(s) will probably cause biological effects in humans exposed to them on a chronic basis." It recommended that the right of way be extended to 550 feet, that the utilities be required to purchase or relocate dwellings where an excessive field strength was measured, and that the PSC administer a broad-scale research program on the biological effects of extremely low frequency fields, to be funded by the utilities. This last recommendation follows from the staff's admission that it cannot judge either the exact physical cause of the biological effects reported in experiments, or the threshold of the effects.

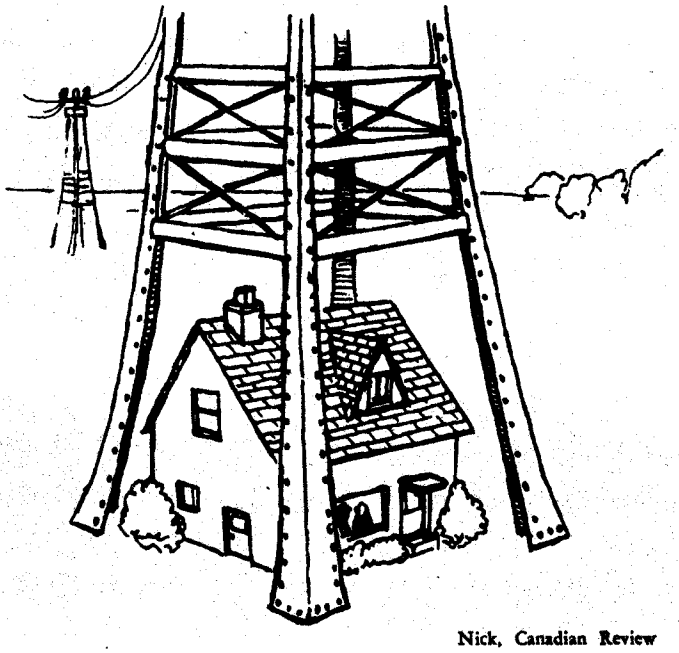
Last month two PSC administrative law judges recommended that the right of way be extended to "perhaps 350 feet," saying that the possibility of "serious" health effects is doubtful, and they attacked Dr. Marino's conclusions as "lacking support by other scientists." A spokesman for Upstate People for Safe Energy Technology, said the judges' decisions are "whitewash." Since the judges admit that "continuous . . . exposure . . . may result in some biological effects on humans," it is difficult for the citizens' groups to understand how they can also conclude that the line will cause no "serious" effects. The key word is "serious." Marino says that, despite their extremely lax recommendations for right-of-way width, the judges "have recognized that involuntary human exposure to power line fields must be ended, and that has never been recommended before in such a forum in this country."

It was mainly because of the health and safety hearings that PASNY began to extend its already broad powers to the breaking point. At first when it took this project over from Con Edison in 1973, everything must have looked fine. Con Ed could never have proven to the PSC that a line with the capacity of 4,000 megawatts was necessary to carry the 800 mw stipulated in the contract with Quebec Hydro; since PASNY didn't have to prove necessity, and could finance the project with tax-free bonds and build it without paying property tax, why not let them do it? Con Ed would get nearly three-quarters of the power anyway, and probably more cheaply. And Hydro Quebec was no doubt happy because now it was dealing with an equal, the arm of a government. PASNY was indeed confident: it negotiated a contract with Quebec Hydro nearly a year before the New York State legislature even authorized it to build such lines.

But when the health and safety hearings began, PASNY, fearing a delay, became overanxious. The original Article VII application was pending, and who knew when the health and safety hearings might end? So James Fitzpatrick, then chairman of PASNY, ordered $51 million worth of steel and other components *before* the PSC approved either the design of the line or the width of the right of way. Trying to pre-empt the PSC's role this way seemed an intolerably arrogant act, and the commission responded by authorizing clearing work to begin for a 345 kv right of way. Fitzpatrick called this authorization "worthless," and charged that the PSC had permitted it to purchase the steel—which could be interpreted as an attempt to blackmail the PSC for doing something it had no power to do. The PSC denied this charge, so PASNY went to the state legislature—ever a willing accomplice in the past—for an override, i.e., legislative certification of the 765 kv line. A bill was introduced, and failed in the house, but the PSC by then had had enough. In June 1976, shortly after the vote in the legislature, it certified contruction of a 765 kv line, one year before the crucial health and safety hearings were to end.

Staff lawyers for the Department of Environmental Conservation, an official party to the hearings, had warned that such certification might be open to serious legal challenge. They were right. A year later, Justice Harold Soden of the state Supreme Court ruled that the PSC had violated its own law by issuing a "partial" certification (construction but not energizing), and ordered PASNY to suspend construction. PASNY appealed and received an automatic stay, so construction continued. The line is now about 40 per cent complete, according to PASNY.

One PSC commissioner, Harold A. Jerry Jr., dissented from the partial certification. In a strongly worded opinion, he said his colleagues had been "terrorized" by PASNY into approving contruction. The decision, he said, was improperly based on PASNY's pre-emptive purchase of materials, and on its "unproven" argument



Nick, Canadian Review

"So Then George Said, 'I'm Going to Strike a Blow for Democracy and Individual Rights'. . . ."

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that further delay would cost Con Ed ratepayers $60 million—or, as he so tellingly put it, $4.92 apiece, and that only once. Such a saving, even if proven, could hardly justify the "needless" degradation of "thousands of acres of Adirondack land." Jerry noted also that the majority's decision violated the rights of all the parties involved, foresaw correctly that it "will damage seriously public confidence in the procedural fairness, environmental concern, and judicial independence of the Public Service Commission." The premature certification created a fury in the north country. How could construction be allowed to begin on such an enormous project when it hadn't even been proven safe?

By certifying construction before the health and safety hearings were completed, the PSC had sawed off the limb on which it sat. The commission will not rule on either the right of way or the allowable operating voltage until this spring, by which time the line will be more than half finished. If the commissioners order a reduction to 345 kv, which they have recently said is a possible option, it will prove that their original certification of 765 kv was misguided, and New Yorkers will be saddled with a much bigger line than is actually needed for the power it carries. If the commission orders a wider right of way it will look equally foolish, for then more land (mostly farmland) will be required, and probably more homes. Having yielded to PASNY's bullying in 1976, it will have nowhere to hide in 1978. In upstate New York people are singing a song called *Stop the Line*. One line goes, "With regulators such as these, we've got mice to guard the cheese."

PASNY's treatment of the PSC was mirrored by its treatment of the people whose land it had to acquire and clear. But if the PSC couldn't stand up to the authority, the people did. Jerry Moeller of Fort Covington wrote after PASNY crews, lying to the farmers about what they intended to do, had ruined a neighbor's meadow: "At this point it was clear we were dealing with wreckers rather than constructors, and twenty of us gathered at the meadow to stop their equipment."

Justice Soden, the man who would later rule the construction illegal, issued a preliminary injunction against further interference. Five hundred people marched against the line on October 25, 1976, in Fort Covington. In November the crews said they wanted to "top a few trees" in Glenn and June Black's apple orchard, and wound up flattening half the orchard. June Black, Georgette Lauzon and Doris Moeller defied the crews and spent the last three days before Christmas 1976 in jail.

Then, in January 1977, there was a dramatic confrontation at the Barse farm in Fort Covington, where it took PASNY a full week to cut down a 100-year-old elm tree that was being protected by people around it and in it. Twelve people were arrested in a tense and violent scene; the last resister had to be wheedled out of the top of the tree after five hours in windy, 10-degree weather. Later, when the case was tried, Justice Soden found the arrests to have been illegal, and freed all twelve. Four of the defendants filed suit for false arrest and brutality, and PASNY vowed to reapply the charges. They did, and the twelve went to jail for short terms about two months later. That was when 1,000 people gathered in Edwards.

The protest was at its peak then, not only because of the arrests—there were more after January—but because the whole pattern of PASNY behavior was emerging as local groups dug deeper and deeper into the project. For one thing, the line was perceived to be unnecessary because its capacity was *five times* what was needed to bring 800 megawatts from Quebec. It was possibly ill-advised because the contract called for shipment of power during only seven months of the year and ran for only five years, after which PASNY would have to negotiate each year—and what it got would depend on the Canadian National Energy Board's finding of a surplus. It was a stupid project, many felt, because it was based on a contract with a politically unstable government.

The line was perceived as an invitation to nuclear generation on the St. Lawrence River, something hardly anyone here wants. In a severely depressed region of the state, the line would damage one of its only economic strengths—dairy farming—by taking land out of production and forcing some farmers to sell, and by generally devaluing the land. PASNY was also being fiercely criticized for its paltry payments for easements. And, hanging above all these considerations, was the fear that the line might be dangerous to human health.

As protest groups repeated again and again that "PASNY did not have to prove need for this project," those words began to sink in. This exemption from the proof of need was at the bottom of all the strife in the north country; it also interfered profoundly with the energy planning for New York State. That exemption allowed not only PASNY but the private utilities to build more than is needed, because, as Lawrence Gollomp of the PSC put it in December 1976 before the State Assembly Committee on Corporations, Commissions and Authorities, the PSC had no way of knowing "whether the private companies are in fact fully adjusting their schedules for installing new capacity to eliminate plans for serving the part of the market that PASNY intends to serve."

The legislature tried in 1977 to change the law so that in future PASNY would have to prove need, but the bill was vetoed by Governor Carey, who has always been a champion of the 765 kv line from Quebec to Utica. Perhaps in an election year he will be more sensitive; surely the bill will come up again, as will legislation to make the effects on farmland a mandatory consideration in power-line hearings. The St. Lawrence County Planning Board recently won an important victory when the PSC ruled that PASNY would have to route its line around the fertile Edwards valley. The vote was 5 to 0, and one commissioner was quoted as saying, apparently without a trace of irony: "perhaps it's time we did something for the people." The only way the PSC can do something for the people, many here think, is to order the line torn down. And then, perhaps, a 230 kv, or 345 kv line could be built instead. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Taking Lives in South America

GENOCIDE IN PARAGUAY. *Edited by Richard Arens with an Epilogue by Elie Wiesel. Temple University Press. 171 pp. $10.*

VICTIMS OF THE MIRACLE: Development and the Indians of Brazil. *By Shelton H. Davis. Cambridge University Press. 205 pp. $14.95.*

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ

The intentional termination of life on a large, impersonal scale has become a subject of extensive public discourse. Plagues inflicted by people on people—the family of "cides": infanticide, regicide, ecocide, ethnocide and, particularly, genocide—have flourished in our epoch. The taking of life, for reasons of state power, has become an increasingly significant theme for political anthropologists and political sociologists. But, as Chaim Shatan indicates in his brilliant essay on "Genocide and Bereavement," in *Genocide in Paraguay*: "The pulse of writing about genocide—no matter how scholarly, no matter how literary—leaves one weary, sad, with bated breath, like the writing of epitaphs."

There can be no question that the human rights debate, more than any impulse of social science toward large-scale relevance, is largely responsible for the interest in the spate of recent writing on the subject of genocide. It is a melancholy truth that scholarly discourse becomes part of public discourse only when it is attuned to prominent political issues. But we should at least be grateful that, as a result, attention can be drawn to books like Shelton Davis's *Victims of the Miracle* and Richard Arens's *Genocide in Paraguay* which otherwise might be discussed only in review sections of technical journals.

Another factor helps to account for interest in the subject of genocide. The slow, steady liquidation of Indian populations in present-day Latin America sadly recalls the Indian liquidation in 19th-century North America; a sequence that proceeds from opening new lands and settler communities, to legal arrangements for the protection of Indians, to violation of these legal arrangements by the new, technologically armed settlers and is followed by "pacific" military expeditions, and finally by dismemberment of the population in manhunts and roundups. This is a phenomenon which an earlier generation of Latin Americanists assured us was not going to be repeated in Latin America. Earlier writers on this subject claimed that the liquidation of Indians was a consequence of the Protestant desire for familial solidarity and racial purity; that Catholic traditions combined with Conquistador invasions, while oftentimes bloody and violent, would ultimately make possible harmonious relationships between races and groups. This neat form of apologetics simply disintegrated when Latin America entered the industrial world order. It turned out that Indian populations in Latin America were preserved only by societal backwardness. Once a nation such as Brazil entered the modern world system, the consequences for its native populations became as genocidal and fratricidal as they were for the Indian peoples of North America a century earlier.

Genocide is the best defined and least adhered to concept in the lexicon of modern times. Traditionally, it simply means efforts to destroy a group in whole or in part. With the founding of the United Nations, the General Assembly, in response to the horrors of World War II, declared in its resolution of December 11, 1946, that genocide "is a crime under international law, contrary to the spirit and designs of the United Nations and condemned by the civilized world." It received further analysis by the United Nations Economic and Social Council which appointed a special committee that approved the convention on the subject. This convention was discussed and finally approved in the General Assembly on December 9, 1948 by a unanimous vote of 50 to 0.

Signing declarations is not sufficient proof that genocide has been outlawed in practice. While the Soviet Union was protesting genocidal practices in the United States, it was in the midst of the most savage phase of its Stalinist repression, taking tens of millions of lives in the name of political conformity. Meanwhile the United States and other countries seemed particularly indifferent to the importance of the subject. The Senate refused to ratify the genocide convention even though it helped eliminate the most vicious aspects of past genocidal practices against blacks, Indians, and other racial minorities.

Were the question of genocide settled by legal ratification of international treaties we would have no need for these books. But the sad truth is that there is many a slip between the legal code and the social order. As a result, the human rights debate not only continues but has achieved a high level of intensity, its ambiguities and paradoxes notwithstanding.

The book by Shelton Davis, the guiding spirit behind the Anthropology Resource Center, is an ambitious attempt to show how the Brazilian Government's efforts to develop the Amazon region has been undertaken at the expense of a profound and detrimental change in its policy toward native Indians. There are 118 clearly identified Brazilian Indian tribal and cultural clusters, most of whom reside in the Amazon Basin. The argument that Davis offers is simple enough: the Indians have been made to pay the price for the Brazilian "miracle" of lopsided economic development. Although there had been an ongoing erosion of the position of the Indians as Brazil emerged as a modern power, this position worsened as a result of the military coup of 1964, which reversed earlier humane efforts of the Brazilian National Indian Foundation (FUNAI). As late as 1969, the strategy of the Brazilian Government toward the Indians was uncertain: as Davis reports, one posture was to protect Indian tribes from frontier encroachments by federal government support of closed Indian parks and reserves, and to prepare them gradually as independent ethnic groups which might be integrated into the economy of Brazil. The second strategy was that Indian groups should be rapidly inte-

Irving Louis Horowitz is professor of sociology and political science at Rutgers University. Among his recent works is a monograph, now in its second edition, Genocide: State Power and Mass Murder. *He has recently returned from Brazil, where he was Visiting Research Professor at the Instituto Universitário de Pesquisas do Rio de Janeiro.*

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grated, as a reserve labor force or as producers of marketable commodities, into the expanding regional economies and rural class structures of Brazil.

Davis's book offers some fascinating political documentary of the conflict between the efforts of Orlando, Claudio, and Leonardo Villas Boas to create a protected haven for the Indians of Brazil, and the resistance of the new president of FUNAI, Gen. Oscar Jeronimo Bandeira, who saw the creation of a reservation system (national parks) as a "false experience" which converted the Indians into "guinea pigs." This provides the backdrop to the more analytic portions of the book and to the discussions of the military coup and the interests of the multinational corporations. There are two sorts of ambiguity here. The first is ethical: one is not certain just what Mr. Davis considers an appropriate settlement of the Indian question. The second is economic: there really is no evidence that these corporations took a particular position on the Indian question, or for that matter influenced national decision making.

Whatever the intentions behind each policy, the fact remains that the essential characteristics of genocide become increasingly apparent in the Indian regions of the Amazon: outright death, economic exploitation, physical destruction, enormous increases of the incidence of diseases such as black-fly illness, leading to blindness in many people; the use of chemical fertilizers to clear lands and maintain pastures—the whole miserable natural history of genocide in which the new white pioneers see the Indians as obdurate obstacles to expansion and growth. Mr. Davis has documented this tragedy with compelling data, if rather wooden prose.

The effort by Richard Arens and his colleagues is more concentrated since it isolates one group, the Aché Indians, and shows how Paraguayan policies have led to the liquidation of these gentle forest dwellers. Mr. Arens's book fleshes out those general phenomena which Mr. Davis and his colleagues explored in Brazil. Richard Arens has represented the Aché Indians as counsel for the International League for Human Rights before the United Nations and the Inter-American Human Rights Commission. He is clearly presenting a legal brief. As a result, he calls upon the work of colleagues from moral philosophy, journalism, and anthropology to confirm his views.

The Achés have endured every possible humiliation, and have suffered in international silence. With the solitary exception of an article in the September 24, 1973 issue of *The Nation*, no publicity has been given to the dismemberment of a people who were massacred by machetes in order to save bullets. The only exceptions to this slaughter were those Indians who submitted to being trained as killers of their own kin, who were then rewarded with a choice of captured Aché women. The only other survivors were young children, usually girls 10 years or older, sold as slaves, principally for sexual purposes, for $5 apiece. And if this is not enough, the impoverished Guaranis ("men of reason") were used to exterminate the Achés ("rabid rats"). Eric Wolf's description of this process is evocative of the *Judenrat*, the use of Jews to police their fellow inmates and victims.

Brief mention is made of the American Government's policy of dumping massive amounts of foreign aid into Paraguay since Stroessner obtained his dictatorial power in 1954. But once more, evidence of an explicit United States role in these genocidal practices is inconclusive. Still, insofar as these nations are within the American sphere of influence, the new rhetorical emphasis on human rights has had a profound impact. At least it has raised the question of distancing the United States from the ethnocide practiced by the governments of Brazil and Paraguay.

There can be no gainsaying the documentary evidence of genocidal practices. Statistics alone can hardly convey the extent to which indigenous peoples have suffered at the hands of national regimes. But the main problem persists: What is the source of genocidal practices? Here we clearly have a problem of theory no less than a problem of reality. For Professor Davis there is no question whatever that the impulse toward economic development is the basis of genocidal assaults. He draws attention to everything from chemical fertilizers to cattle ranchers as the source of opposition to Indian survival. Agribusiness in Brazil requires the liquidation of the Indians. Because of the international character of Brazilian agribusiness, everyone from Hanna Brothers to Caterpillar Tractor Company can be held responsible for the practice of genocide.

On the other hand, Paraguay is not a country that is participating in the economic miracle. Quite the contrary: it is a country in the grips of permanent economic stagnation, and as Frances R. Grant quite properly notes: "Paraguay is one of those countries where its dictators have made a virtue of the country's geography and its isolation from the rest of the world in its war against its captive citizenry." Hence, in Paraguay, genocide is practiced not in the name of development but rather in the name of preventing development. In the kind of vampirism practiced by the Stroessner regime, the use of native peoples for slavery has no underlying developmental purpose but rather is fueled by an isolationist impulse to crystallize the lines between masters and slaves.

The two books by American authors represent the two philosophies currently at odds in the human rights field: One, the so-called Western approach, sees political liberty as the cornerstone of human rights and human liberation. The other, the so-called Eastern approach, sees the essence of human rights in economic guarantees of well-being, security, and job opportunities. Davis attributes genocide to the economic rapaciousness of multinational corporations, and Arens and his colleagues attribute it to the political rapaciousness of traditionalist dictators.

Until this ambiguity is resolved, forming a policy to counteract the nightmare of genocide is exceedingly difficult. For in one case we are told to direct our efforts to altering the multinational industrial system and, in the other, to the state power. And while these deliberations continue at a level of theory the liquidation of these indigenous people continues unabated. It is no accident that both books have a somewhat inconclusive and abstract quality. For example: the volume on Paraguay offers some brilliant ethnographic analyses by anthropologists Mark Munzel, Eric R. Wolf and Norman Lewis. In addition, several unusual psychological, moral, and legal essays against genocide in general are provided by Monroe C. Beardsley, Chaim F. Shatan, and Richard Arens. But there is little to link up Paraguayan realities in general with the specifics of Indian policy that lead to the untold suffering and degradation of the Aché tribe. With the noteworthy exception of Grant's paper, just why a state moves in this direction remains rather cloudy despite some interesting insights by each of the contributors to the problems of genocide as a whole.

The problems in Mr. Davis's work are of a different sort. We are told how important the military coup of 1964 was in reversing the liberal approach to the Indian question. But in fact, the actual data he provides would indicate that three to five years after the mili-

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tary revolution, intensive efforts were still made to create a humanistic model for an Indian policy. Furthermore, even prior to 1964, during the so-called constitutional period in Brazilian history, the policy toward the Indians was hardly gentle or genteel. It is simply that the Amazon Basin hadn't been much opened. In other words, no firm evidence is adduced that the 1964 Brazilian military revolution was particularly decisive in reorienting Brazil's Indian policy. The constant mention of the role of the United States and other multinational firms has some of the elements of a red herring since at no point is there a single direct piece of information that either in policy or in practice any of these firms has favored or encouraged a genocidal solution to the Indian question. Rather there is stronger evidence that American physicians, biologists and anthropologists like Mr. Davis himself, in making the problem of genocide an international issue, have aided native peoples in resisting the nastiest and most brutal consequences of mindless developmentalism. The silent war being waged against native peoples of the interior is the result of a Brazilian model of development, one that at times is being implemented against United States wishes. It is a profound mistake to overestimate U.S. controls on Brazil or Paraguay.

Genocide is an evil unto itself requiring no search for external causation. To seek out international devils as recipients of our opprobrium deflects from the goal of the survival of all peoples in a dignified way. Otherwise, the victims of genocide run the risk of being victimized by their defenders; becoming pawns in a larger political game. Indians become part of a hidden agenda in which the villain becomes capitalism, multinationalism or any other related "ism," instead of an object of relief and redemption. Genocide is no respecter of social systems. It is practiced in Cambodia, Uganda and South Africa, no less than Brazil and Paraguay. Genocide reached its "flowering" in Hitler's concentration camps and in Stalin's gulag archipelago. Researchers would be well advised to put aside vague political postures and moral animosities, and work out the concrete details for the survival of indigenous peoples. Insofar as these volumes help us move in that direction they are beneficial. To the extent that they only satisfy economic ideologies of an abstract sort, remote from the horrors and outrages of the peoples described, these books might be less valuable primers in the study of genocide than illustrations of the problem itself: namely, the apocalyptic demand to satisfy outstanding political and economic problems at once, instead of addressing the specifics of indigenous people victimized alike by the mixed blessing of 20th-century advances and the unmixed blessing of backward enclave nation-states. □

Nostalgie de la Boue

THE MAIMIE PAPERS. *Edited by Ruth Rosen and Sue Davidson. With an introduction by Ruth Rosen. The Feminist Press. 439 pp. $12.95. Paper $6.95.*

MARY KATHLEEN BENET

With the *Maimie Papers*, the nonfiction novel achieves its *Pamela*. The book is epistolary, long-winded, and concerned with one woman's rebellion against the sexual mores of her time. But Maimie, as befits a modern heroine, is no sanctimonious virgin. She is a one-eyed Jewish prostitute, whose struggle for survival began at 13, when her father was murdered and her mother began to appropriate the children's earnings.

The letters in the collection were written, mostly between 1910 and 1918, to Fanny Howe, a Boston lady who heard Maimie's story from the Philadelphia philanthropist who first befriended her. Mrs. Howe's side of the correspondence has not survived; her daughter, Helen Howe, gave Maimie's letters to the Schlesinger Library at Radcliffe. It is right that they should be published, for they constitute an extraordinary account of life in a stratum not often heard from.

As the book opens, Maimie is married to an out-of-work carpenter who doesn't know that she supplements the family income by prostitution. Maimie is relieved when the marriage ends—she married for security, and where is it? As for taking a job, why sweat for $7 a week when "an afternoon with some congenial person" will get her more? These are the hard facts of Maimie's life, and she writes openly and vigorously about them to Mrs. Howe.

Why did she trust Mrs. Howe, when

Mary Kathleen Benet's most recent book is Writers in Love (*Macmillan*).

Contest For New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '78" has been opened jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its fourth year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

WINNERS of the 1977 contest were Sharon Bryan, James Galvin, Jeffrey Greene and Debora Greger. They gave a group reading at The Poetry Center on May 2, and had their poems published in THE NATION on April 30.

Contest Information

OPEN to poets whose work has not yet been published in book form. Book form includes chapbooks (small editions) and self-published books.

REQUIREMENTS: Ten poems (not more than 500 lines) of original poetry in English are to be submitted.

THE AWARDS: Each of the four winners will receive an honorarium of $50 and will be invited to read at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 8, 1978. Each winner will have one previously unpublished poem printed in THE NATION magazine.

MANUSCRIPT DETAILS: Submit four complete sets of the ten poems, each set securely fastened. Your name, biographical information and information indicating whether a particular poem has been published should not appear on the poems. Rather, a separate cover page should include your name, address and phone number. Manuscripts will not be returned, so please retain a copy of your submission. THE NATION reserves the right to publish at its regular rates any previously unpublished poems.

JUDGING will take place in April; winners will be chosen by judges whose names will be announced after the contest is over.

DEADLINE for receipt of poems has been extended to March 4.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO: The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028. Direct inquiries to Betsy Dunn, Assistant to the Director, The Poetry Center.

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she so despised the usual philanthropist who regarded concern for her as "work"? Part of the answer is snobbery. "I've often wished I could do things for well-bred people of your sort, just to have dealings with them, even if it didn't bring any income. I'd rather do it than work that paid well for low-born people. . . ." Helen Howe explains Fanny's interest in Maimie by reference to Isak Dinesen's idea that "only the true aristocracy and the true proletariat of the world understand tragedy. The bourgeoisie of all classes deny it because it represents 'unpleasantness.'"

This hocus-pocus is demeaning to Maimie, implying as it does that she is interesting because she is low. Rather, she is interesting because of her remarkable talent for observation and description, her quick-wittedness and energy, her clear view of the economic facts of life. Fanny Howe and her husband, both professional writers, surely valued Maimie as much for her vivid style as for her membership in the proletariat.

Maimie, who has tried to get work as a journalist, turns to Mrs. Howe for literary and cultural advice and for affection. She is estranged from her family: her brother, angered at her abandonment of Judaism, accuses her of "believing in Jesus for $5 a week." Her mother considers her irredeemably wicked: when Maimie buys some Listerine to preserve her beautiful white teeth, her mother tells the neighbors "that I was doing unnatural things with my mouth and that the druggist told her the solution was used only to prevent disease from such practices—and that explained why I didn't become pregnant."

Maimie's escape route is a liaison with her childhood admirer, Ira Benjamin (she talks him out of changing his name to a colorless Henry Benson), an up-and-coming entrepreneur who likes her to wear pink silk stockings in bed. (Such titillating details must have enlivened the morning post in Boston.) Maimie does not wait for divorce and remarriage, considering "a marriage ceremony the worst lot of cant I ever heard." She revels in the new luxury, but immediately starts learning shorthand.

Ira wonders why Maimie should think she will ever again have to earn her own living. But Maimie, less trusting of fate, follows career opportunities as far as Montreal, where she starts a multigraph business. She overcomes most of the obstacles which confront an impecunious woman, but Canada's entry into World War I brings ruin to such small businesses.

Maimie now enters, by stages, into her real vocation—befriending girls like herself. She finds an apartment for use as a hostel, and reaches the girls who are too far gone for conventional reformers to touch. Her enemies are these canting Christians, who want her to call the place the "Christ Mission for Friendless Girls." A lady known to the girls of the tenderloin as Creeping Jesus advises her to replace the personal pictures on the walls with "appropriate religious subjects."

Maimie does things her own way, but the precarious enterprise founders soon after her marriage to Ira. The benefactors apparently think that with a husband to look after her, she no longer needs their contributions. She closes down, and the last letter is from a Chicago hotel, saying that she wants to go back to school.

Maimie's eye for detail fills her story with historical information; her personality makes it heroic and enthralling. Does it really need an introduction telling us that "During the early twentieth century, most young women regarded marriage as the most likely and respectable means of achieving economic security," etc., etc.? With academic timidity, the editors insult their readers' intelligence. The delight of Maimie is that she never does. □

Self-Description, an Adventure

THE LOWELL OFFERING: Writings by New England Mill Women (1840-1845). *Edited with Introduction and Commentary by Benita Eisler. J.B. Lippincott Co. 223 pp. $12.50.*

ELIZABETH POCHODA

The Lowell Offering, a literary magazine of the Lowell mill women, belongs to the brief honeymoon of early American capitalism. Edited and written entirely by the Yankee women who first worked in the Lowell mills, it was the proudest exhibit the Lowell Corporation could and did display to the world at large—prouder even than handsome stock dividends and the production of quality goods. Never mind its occasional protests against conditions of factory life, its very existence bespoke a corporate benevolence and enlightenment which no amount of criticism could offset. Like families eager to employ servants of aristocratic background or mien for the extra credit it does them, the Lowell mills boasted the trim Anglo-Saxon farm girls of New England with similar results. And these women produced a literary magazine. Long after this first and short-lived wave of native labor had left the mills, the Lowell labels still depicted the daughters of New England at their looms, the idea being that Lowell was a nice place. Visitors were convinced: Dickens and Trollope thought well of the enterprise, and George Sand praised what she heard about it. Indeed, as Benita Eisler puts it in her superb introduction, "admiration was the more intense, the farther the admirer lived from Lowell."

The facts of Lowell are not entirely at variance with the good impression it offered visitors. True, the New England farm girls who came there earned between $1.85 and $3 a week which was only half what male mill workers earned, but even at that these were the highest wages then available to women. And it was true that the women worked from 5 in the morning to 7 at night with a half-hour off for breakfast and another for lunch, but such women could have expected to put in these hours and then some on the family farm without expectation of their own money. Factory "operatives" did indeed live in crowded boardinghouses which greatly restricted their social freedoms, but in return the boardinghouses offered safe harbor for their reputations and that, for a proud Yankee girl, was worth a sacrifice. Even trading rural pleasures for city life was not always a bad exchange given the hardships of the New England farm. None of these bargains escaped the notice of Lowell's factory girls; they weigh them out in the stories and letters of *The Offering* with the proverbial shrewdness of their Yankee fathers. Whatever feminists and reformers of any stripe may think or have thought about the conditions of the mills, the workers themselves as they appear here, saw and understood a great deal more, enough so that we do not have to read much between the lines to find the whole brief history of native labor in New England industry; it is capsulized in the history of *The Offering.*

The beginning was auspicious. The thrift and practicality of the Boston Associates who owned the mills com-

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bined to make Lowell a fairly pleasant if austere environment. Care was taken to provide lectures and all manner of culturally uplifting activities for the workers. The women, in their turn, were also daughters of this mix of thrift and virtue. Never were employer and employed better matched. Amidst some critical comments about factory conditions in a letter home, one of the women also included the following description of the well-constructed mill:

> The machinery is very handsomely made and painted, and is placed in regular rows; thus, in a large mill, presenting a beautiful and uniform appearance. I have sometimes stood at one end of a row of green looms, when the girls were gone from between them, and seen the lathes moving back and forth, the harnesses up and down, the white cloth winding over the rollers, through the long perspectives; and I have thought it beautiful.

False consciousness maybe, but when alienation finally came it seems to have been complete. By 1860 immigrant labor far outnumbered native.

In the meantime the original Lowell woman, as she is represented in *The Offering*, worked, saved, spent, was lectured to and made her contribution to the magazine. Of these activities only the last is surprising. It is even heroic. The impulse to write after a seventy-hour workweek must have come from the necessary effort of describing, understanding and dignifying an entirely new situation—the working woman away from home. Historians of feminism and labor will be most interested in the rather meager criticism of mill life, but by being so they will miss the real adventure of the magazine, the adventure of self-description which distinguishes the enterprise.

There was much to understand: the new and precarious social status as a factory girl; the longing for nature with the implicit question as to why nature, in the form of the New England land, had done such a bad job of providing; the loss of home and the difficulty of establishing a new community among factory workers; and finally, the terms and conditions of their employment.

Once the magazine had been established and a sufficient amount of self-description had familiarized factory life and work, its impetus was probably somewhat dissipated. More than this, however, the ameliorative spirit of these writers which tied them so nicely to their employers, eventually ran aground when it became clear that the ameliorative spirit of the mill owners did not extend to improved wages or shorter hours. The Lyceum lectures continued, but by 1845 the Lowell workweek had been extended to seventy-five hours, wages for piece work had declined and women who protested were dismissed and blacklisted throughout New England. The literary magazine's spirited optimism could not weather such developments, and one can only assume that immigrant labor with its lower expectations now better suited the mill owners as well.

The sense of outrage in *The Offering* is admittedly muted by good manners, but it is there and even more solidly so for all its gentility. One woman writes home about the Fourth of July celebration which was served them, as she says, in the manner of Scrooge's gift to Bob Cratchit. This same writer is aware of the contradictions of factory existence—that the frailties which are general to humanity, are thought worse in a factory girl ("that name which is thought so degrading by many, though, in truth, I neither see nor feel its degradation"); that the mill women were superior in education and manner to their better paid male overseers. There is also much in these pages of that fierce pride which resisted the condescensions of reformers and the public stereotyping of mill women as novel-warped and frustrated. All of this entered *The Offering* straight, unmediated by class consciousness and ideology, and it is fitting that it should at last have been preserved in this exceptionally well-edited and handsome volume. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain—a title that cumbersome is as good a way as any to assure attention for a movie that otherwise might not attract much comment. In her latest work Lina Wertmuller refers to serious, not to say fashionable, topics of international concern: the women's drive for equality; the fact that, while a relatively few people are far too rich, the vast majority of people are far too poor; the savagery with which nations apply military sanctions at levels safely below the critical mass of nuclear warfare; the alleged imminent death by pollution of the only planet available to us. But the couple whose personal history evokes these considerations (Giancarlo Giannini, needless to say, and Candice Bergen) are ill-suited for a rational exploration of large social issues. They are a pair of hysterics who communicate most readily by hitting, kicking, scratching, upending and generally bruising each other, to the accompaniment of uncontrolled weeping and breathless profanity, and by preference out of doors in a torrential downpour. They meet during a village free-for-all, are married soon after having been subdued by the police, and are last seen, cosily in bed together, having toweled down after a running battle through the midnight streets of inundated Rome. These altercations by no means exhaust the list of Giannini-Bergen bouts; they are merely the most spectacular ones. All of them are terminated not by a reconciliation of views but by exhaustion.

The two stars perform almost alone (for them, it must have been a tiring picture), but Wertmuller has on hand a small chorus of men and women whom I took to represent chic opinion in Italian intellectual bohemia, and who comment sardonically, but quite obviously, on the couple's travails. From time to time, one or another of them steps into a bit part to sustain the narrative.

The husband is, of course, Italian, the wife American, and there arises between them the celebrated hazard of this particular international mating. He is a very devil of a seducer but a sadly routine lover, and she finds her womanly needs unsatisfied. Her complaints in this regard, which lead to the rousing final brawl, distress him on two scores: he is offended that a wife should avow frankly her erotic impulses and, being a Communist, he is outraged by her de-

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their darkness shines
for no-one else

aeons lean together
crystals flash cold calls
silent seas know the code

they know the way
are perfectly still
night has no meaning

they turn the sun around
shadows click and glide
day has no meaning

they breed in the rain
skimming the ground like camels
when they wake they are born

Brian Swann

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mand for fun in bed at a time when the excesses of our predatory century have crippled the world beyond hope of recovery. It should be added that his communism is of a rather removed sort—the couple lives with his aunt in a richly furnished flat as large as the full floor of a metropolitan hotel, and his party work appears to be confined to reading with cries of indignation the reportage of the capitalist press. She has a job, unspecified, which presumably ekes out the aunt's benevolence, though her only evident talent is an ability to model expensive clothes. Mr. Giannini is also well dressed in clothes of proletarian cut; he is bearded for this picture and wears horn-rimmed glasses, an innovation that may be welcomed by viewers who have come to dread the melodramatic intensity of his eyes.

This is Wertmuller's first film in English, and since she both wrote and directed the work, the oddity of the dialogue may reflect her insecurity in the language. Large sections of the dialogue are stilted to the point of caricature. Miss Candice, particularly, utters coy badinage and self-conscious obscenities with mind-stopping artificiality; to her credit, she mouths such lines with an incredulity that makes it seem she is being dubbed. Giannini's heavy accent somewhat masks the absurdity of what he is asked to say.

Night Full of Rain is an energetic picture and I suspect cost a packet. It marshals a large crowd for a brief but elaborate religious procession; it employs helicopters freely for aerial views of San Franciso and Rome; it is decorated with architectural masterpieces and stuffed with antiques. But it neglects to reveal anything worth knowing about its two characters (except that prudent acquaintances would avoid them), and it alludes to problems of genuine concern for no reason I could discover other than to appear topical. Wertmuller has described it as her most political film; in that case, if I now ask you to brood on the word "Trilateral," you may wish to judge this a highly political review. She is an accomplished, provocative, almost always interesting director. I have no clue to why, this time, she worked so hard but managed to be only provoking. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

Calcium Light Night, the second of three premières at the New York City Ballet this season, is the first ballet Peter Martins has made. It is a highly intelligent work: it has tone, it accumulates shape, and it makes the audience take sharp notice of its dancers, Daniel Duell and Heather Watts. For Duell, Martins has devised four short solos in a style and performance manner that do as much to explain Martins's great appeal as a principal with the City Ballet as they do to honor Duell. These solos send the dancer darting about the stage with an ease and fluidity that completely belie the dance's points of technical stress. Martins's way of loping through Balanchine's mazes makes him one of the great personalities of the dance world. He gives Duell the same challenge, and makes some jokes about it too. The first dance, for example, in which Duell must cover great distances without a ruffle and without the aid of soaring jumps, ends with an anti-flourish flourish: Duell leans against the proscenium and, with a speckle of brio, grabs his ankle. Sauntering back to the middle area of the stage to begin the next solo, Duell all of a sudden springs into a double turn in the air and slides into the next phrase as though nothing big had happened.

Calcium Light Night is a veritable case study in sly surprise and elegant turns of phrase. It could also have been

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a case of unfair substitution—of the choreographer using the dancer as a reflection of himself—had Martins not found justification for Duell's deadpan presentation of brilliance in the music of Charles Ives. Martins, correctly, I believe, has underscored Ives's flat Yankee intonation with a dance dynamic that is equally flat. As much as Duell's matter-of-fact virtuosity is a spinoff from a Martins specialty, it is also a vivid interpretation of the music. Thus Duell's solos are legitimate pieces of choreography. Because of their brevity, and perhaps because of their quizzical tone, they also seem like ingenious odds and ends until Heather Watts completes the picture. Mimicking Duell's filigreed fourth dance, *Ann Street*, she then, in her own two solos, sharpens his flickering feet into piston rods.

Flexing and unflexing her ankles with staccato precision, Watts's toes keep puncturing the muffled militarism of the ballet's title piece as she parades in a square. Dance as parade makes this solo conceptually interesting. It is also striking for its squared-off design and clever in the way it brings the set into the dance: Watts traces on the ground the square of fluorescent bulbs hanging above her. Yet I find its main interest in two other areas. First, in the way it links up with what's gone before. It compresses all the casually snaky lines of Duell's solos into tight-lipped rat-a-tats. Second, in the way it further reveals Martins's capacities for interpretation. Just as he is unearthing the laconic qualities in Ives, so is he developing the acid flavorings of *pointe* work. Through Watts, he gives us the opportunity to see a basic ingredient of movement in a fresh and, in this instance, very pungent way. He is one of the few choreographers to have acknowledged the fact that toe shoes are exotic artifacts and should be so celebrated.

After Watts pecks out a square, Duell comes back to dance squares around her, while her ankles and wrists flash coded messages from the center. The last dance, *Hallowee'n*, begins with both of them tracing messages in the air with their hands. Are they skywriting "secret code," or "e equals mc^2" . . . or *Dybbuk Variations*? What matters, of course, is that the frantic busyness of these *ports de mains* becomes a fitting prelude to a madly scurrying, seesawing, whirligig duet for mannequins. The whole dance is a punch line. As far as the protagonists are concerned, their match of wits ends in a draw and a blackout. As for the man who's pulled the strings, it's a truimph of pizazz. For a first ballet, *Calcium Light Night* is a triumph all the way round, but I would have liked it just as much had it been Martins's tenth.

The all-male ensemble in Balanchine's *Kammermusik No. 2*, the final première of the season, strikes such odd poses that they, too, seem to be sending secret messages. At one point the men stand with index fingers beckoning to the sky; twice they shroud their heads with wreathed arms, like Nijinsky *faunes*. They fall to a crouch and rise up like bucking horses, their palms pressing forward in invocation. When they straddle the floor in deep knee bends, with their arms crooked at the elbows, they look like icons; the next minute they're walking in that position, and they're goblins, the degenerates from *The Prodigal Son*. In the most mysterious moment of all, three from the ensemble drift through the shadows at the back of the stage, their linked arms rising and sinking in slow breaths, while up front, Adam Luders is shadowing the rise and fall of Colleen Neary's arms. Who knows whether the three fates are sending blessings or curses, or whether, indeed, they are simply the sighs that Hindemith intimated in his plaintive adagio? The certainty is that, with Balanchine leading the séance, one can nestle in enigma.

For all their wonderful titillations, however, the eight-man ensemble is primarily intended to serve as a visual and musical foil for the four soloists—Luders, Neary, Sean Lavery and Karin von Aroldingen. Hindemith's *Kammermusik No. 2* is a piano solo supported by chamber orchestra; Hindemith calls it a concerto. The soloists take the piano part; the ensemble plays the orchestra. The procedure is routine Balanchine, and the effect is usually an invigorating dialogue between melody and harmony, treble and bass, light and shadow, between what in the music is manifest and what is subliminal. In *Kammermusik No. 2* the dialogue between and among ensemble and soloists is hot and heavy—I dare say the most complex Balanchine has ever produced—but I do not find it invigorating. The problem is simple, I think. The piano part sounds like Bach beating his head against a wall: give me more notes, and more and more. Balanchine, unfortunately, gives them to us in the form of tiny twists, jabs, flicks and plunks. The soloists don't dance as much as they keep time, tapping out the notes with Hindemith's unnerving nervousness. They don't move with one another as much as at one another, in clenched canons. The incessant bobbing that in *Stravinsky Violin Concerto* becomes a bubbling stew here becomes a swarm of gnats. In that earlier ballet minuscule steps forge space around themselves; they become im-

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portant. In the Hindemith, it all looks like potsy. The anchor is the ensemble, for whom Balanchine has invented broad, emphatic swatches of movement as noble as they are provocative. (By the second performance the men were dancing as if they knew they had struck gold.) But even if this is some of the most imaginative choreography Balanchine has ever done for a corps, and even if its boldness is an effective bulwark against the static up front, it cannot function as the main event, any more than can the brass in the Hindemith score function as the solo instrument. As in the score, one wants to bring the background into the foreground. The urge is a sign of dysfunction.

Kammermusik No. 2 is remedied as simply as it gets into trouble. When the piano takes on personality the ballet gets good, very good. The plaintive adagio becomes the occasion for melancholy duets. The Von Aroldingen-Lavery duets, with their exotic arm motifs, carry the impassive qualities of the *Symphony in Three Movements* duet into a sadder and sweeter range. Von Aroldingen bows her neck as though weeping; Lavery's hands catch her tears. Then she walks off, pivoting back toward him in frozen droplets of acknowledgment. Memories of their uncertain romance in *Vienna Waltzes* rush to the mind, only the tentativeness implicit in her raised elbows has changed from poised question marks to gentle pangs. Luders supports Neary in whispery, hopping motions, softening her impacts with the floor in steady, even pulsations. Their duet seems like a healing rainfall. The adagio dies away and is followed by a short gallop, with the soloists chasing one another in broad leaps and perky trots. Then the piano starts diddling around again in a search for more keys than a piano needs, and all notions about the quality of movement—about big and little, fast and slow, happy and sad—get drowned in the music's commotion. *Kammermusik No. 2* is one instance where Balanchine's fidelity to The Word strikes me as hazardous. □

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HAROLD CLURMAN

John Ford Noonan is an original. His latest play (in 1969 he made his playwriting debut at Lincoln Center with *The Year Boston Won the Pennant*) is *The Club Champion's Widow*. It is the first of a series of offerings to be presented by the Robert Lewis Acting Company in New Rochelle, N.Y. It is to be followed by Camus's *Caligula* and a new piece from Spain, selections by Lewis as the company's director and Albert Bermel, its literary adviser. I look forward to these events not only because I was pleased by the first one but also because Lewis is a dedicated and gifted theatre man.

Setting down the plot of *The Club Champion's Widow* will hardly give a proper impression of the play's quality and effect. Gladys Boughton is a widow whose husband was a small-time but prize-winning golf champion whom she and their son now idolize. Their devotion to the deceased golfer is such that they both still speak of him and to him as though he were alive. This worship has made Gladys incapable of acquiring a new husband or, for that matter, engaging in any other positive action. Her son, T.D., is so absorbed in the memory of his champion father that he, too, is incapacitated as a husband or even as a useful citizen.

The play dramatizes Gladys's escape from the hold of her husband's shadow and from her son's substitute domination. The fact is, she later confesses, she never liked either of them. Her liberation goes so far as to let her reject a middle-aged suitor, an aggressively self-confident small-town businessman. At the end, she is on the way to her first step as an independent person.

All this is written as farce bordering on fantasy. But the "fantasy" or plain wackiness is not a literary trick: it is native to Noonan. Madcaps, oddballs, grotesques are his "family." Thus, though they are all impossible, they all become real to us, because they are real to him. These cartoon figures inhabit naturally his cockeyed world.

Lewis has directed the play fittingly at a frenzied pace, without, by the way, a word becoming unintelligible. He is miraculously lucky in having Maureen Stapleton, one of our theatre's best but insufficiently appreciated actresses, in the role of Gladys.

Hers is an essentially lyric temperament; it is composed of the vulnerability I associate with Laurette Taylor and some of the same humor. Immediately striking is an eccentricity of sentiment and behavior. A rich vein of feminine feelings appears to have been struck a severe blow, all but dismembering the personality. But the roots of her being, warm and glowing, are so firm and deep that they generate an ultimately indomitable passion and power.

Stapleton has no "good moments"; her acting is integral. She is responsive to every second and movement of the stage action. She is always vivid and always true. Her extreme sensibility has in it an element of the self-destructive saved only by the resistance of a nature that desires, despite all the slings and arrows of both subjective and objective factors, to endure and live—joyfully. At its upper register, Stapleton's voice is captivatingly musical; its lower one is almost magestically forceful. So that even in what is chiefly a wildly comic part there are times when we hear the resonance of the heroically tragic. It is worth the trip to New Rochelle to see her. She with the three other actors—John Braden as her would-be husband, Barry Jenner as her son, Lisa Sloan as his wife, make a notably coherent team.

Andrei Serban has directed *Sganarelle*, "an evening of Molière farces" well translated by Albert Bermel, at the Yale Repertory Company in New Haven. You may find it a pleasant evening of horseplay.

If there is a taint of hesitation in the preceding sentence, it is because of the debits as well as the credits in the occasion. To begin with the positive: in an ingenious and eye-appealing setting by Michael Yeargan all in white (Serban's most favored color) the director practices his technique of surprises. The unexpected perpetually occurs.

This manner is particularly well suited to Molière's farces, which call for Commedia dell'arte *lazzis* (bits of buffoonery). The production proliferates them—so much so that we generally see much more than we hear, though I should add that the biggest laughs, for me, were provoked by Molière's jokes. One cannot complain that the fun is not at all significant, for it is based

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on perennial, universally recognizable human follies.

On the negative side, and this is somewhat perplexing, I felt that I was being *forced* to laugh, pummeled into hilarity. I only now and then enjoyed my laughter. I can hardly define the source of the difficulty. Was it because the young actors—most of them still students at the Yale School of Drama—are not innately comedians? Then, too, though fairly agile and very courageous, they seem to have been put through their vigorous paces without having contributed much from the stimulus of their own imaginations and spontaneous improvisation. It was all the director's doing; the actors had sweated their way through the rush of prescribed antics. But sweating comedy is a contradiction in terms. The effort is valiant, but the result is rarely that of a free-flowing exuberance; there is little comic catharsis. The most likable performance is that of Eugene Troobnick as Sganarelle in "The Forced Marriage."

I overheard the harshest criticism of the evening from one student in the audience who murmured to another, "If the comedy were allowed to spring organically from the text instead of being loaded under that pile of shit, it really would be funny." On the other hand, a prominent New York reviewer had written that, on the whole, the evening was "brilliant, buoyant and terribly funny and lit up at times with a pungent beauty." He also called two of the show's items "dazzling." Take your choice! □

MUSIC / David Hamilton

About midway through a season marked thus far by several fine performances, one remarkably misconceived new production, and a seemingly endless series of last-minute casting crises, it is not yet possible to affirm that the Metropolitan Opera has achieved an even keel artistically. Anthony Bliss's prognostications of approaching financial stability are surely to be welcomed, since in institutions such as the Met fear of deficit is the standard explanation for artistic timidity. After last season's spate of relative novelty, this one's repertory looked as if dealt by the hand of Sir Rudolf Bing—indeed, fourteen of the twenty productions on view are of Bing vintage, while three are loans from other theatres, including the only two operas (Donizetti's *La Favorita* and Massenet's *Thaïs*) that could remotely be classed as novelties.

One possible justification for such conservatism, in practice, would be superior performances, and there have certainly been some of those: the luminous *Pelléas* that I reported on last fall (*The Nation*, November 19), and an intelligent and musical *Eugene Onegin* that, like the *Pelléas*, showed some desirable modifications of an older production. A new production of *Tannhäuser* vindicated all of us who have frequently argued that Wagner knew what he was doing theatrically, that his works therefore yield up more significance when their stage directions and scenic specifications are attended to than when they are straitjacketed into some limiting "reinterpretation." The restoration of Wagner's *Fassung letzter Hand*, the so-called "Paris version," was also welcome, as was the strong casting and James Levine's powerful conducting.

But a few weeks before the *Tannhäuser* came John Dexter's misconception of *Rigoletto*, precisely such a narrowing "reinterpretation," full of clumsy makeshifts of action and tedious scenic "symbolism"—and this to a work by a composer as theatre-wise as Wagner (and infinitely more practical). What was more, the straitjacketing invaded Levine's conducting as well: the same hand that led the fluent, flexible *Pelléas* and would later impart many subtle nuances to *Tannhäuser* (the orchestral passage in Act III that accompanies Elisabeth's slow walk offstage was a model of sensitive rubato) turned the Duke of Mantua's lighthearted *"Questa o quella"* into a grim jog.

What has been constant in most of the season's performances is the superb playing of the orchestra. An early-season *Bohème* conducted by James Conlon was full of ravishing detail and, unlike the *Rigoletto*, left room for a strong cast (including Renata Scotto and Placido Domingo, in fine voice and spirits) to make something warm and touching out of the patchy score. But *Bohème* was one of the operas most often caught by cast changes, and other nights one might have been left with little but the orchestra to listen to—as with a *Butterfly* I heard at which both originally announced leads had been replaced. Thanks to the steady hand of Giuseppe Patané, a decent routine was achieved, but hardly the level implied by the house's expressed aspirations—or by its ticket prices. By the time of a later *Trovatore*, even Patané's patience gave out, and the curtain went up forty-five minutes late with a substitute *maestro* and a hastily summoned soprano who "marked" rather than sang most of her role.

Because of the recent practice of publishing casting details before the season begins, we are conceivably more aware of this sort of thing than we used to be, and one can hardly blame the management of the opera house for things like flu epidemics. But something is evidently awry on the policy level with regard to understudies. One sympathizes with an evident desire to eliminate the old practice of allowing "covers" to sing the last couple of performances of an opera, which means breaking up rehearsed ensembles and serving up bargain-basement casts at full prices. But dutiful and qualified covers are not apt to stay on without the incentive of a few guaranteed performances, for other engagements aren't hard to come by in the busy American operatic scene. Somehow, this problem must be solved—and not by the deplorable expedient of asking singers already scheduled for two performances a week to take on still more, as happened more than once this fall.

Along with the orchestra's fabulous estate, there has been good news in the casting of small parts (which, though they cannot carry a performance, can certainly spoil one); to such stalwarts as Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Shirley Love and Nico Castel, this season has added Ariel Bybee, Kathleen Battle (an enchantingly true sound as the Shepherd in *Tannhäuser*), Isola Jones and James Atherton—all singers of vocal quality, musicianship and character. Still more such are needed.

What the theatre doesn't need, I venture to suggest, is more productions like the *Thaïs* borrowed from San Francisco, a tawdry affair of destinationless ramps (spiral variants of the equally silly ones the same designer used in the City Opera's *I Puritani*) and enough mirrors to decorate a whole block of Madison Avenue boutiques. Ten years ago, Beverly Sills would probably have given a performance to justify reviving Massenet's *reductio ad absurdum* of Anatole France's elegant, witty novel, but she is now not physically or vocally comfortable in the part, nor did Sherrill Milnes offer much more than volume as her tormentor and would-be lover. The evening's best "singing," without

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doubt, came when concertmaster Raymond Gniewek played the "Meditation"—but it helped to close your eyes and avoid a mirrory pantomime. The best thing about the ballet was the omission of half of Massenet's music. If there is much virtue in this composer's work (a position that I'm not yet prepared to embrace), it will only emerge in productions devised with as much taste and skill as the new *Tannhäuser*; anything less is a waste of time and money. □

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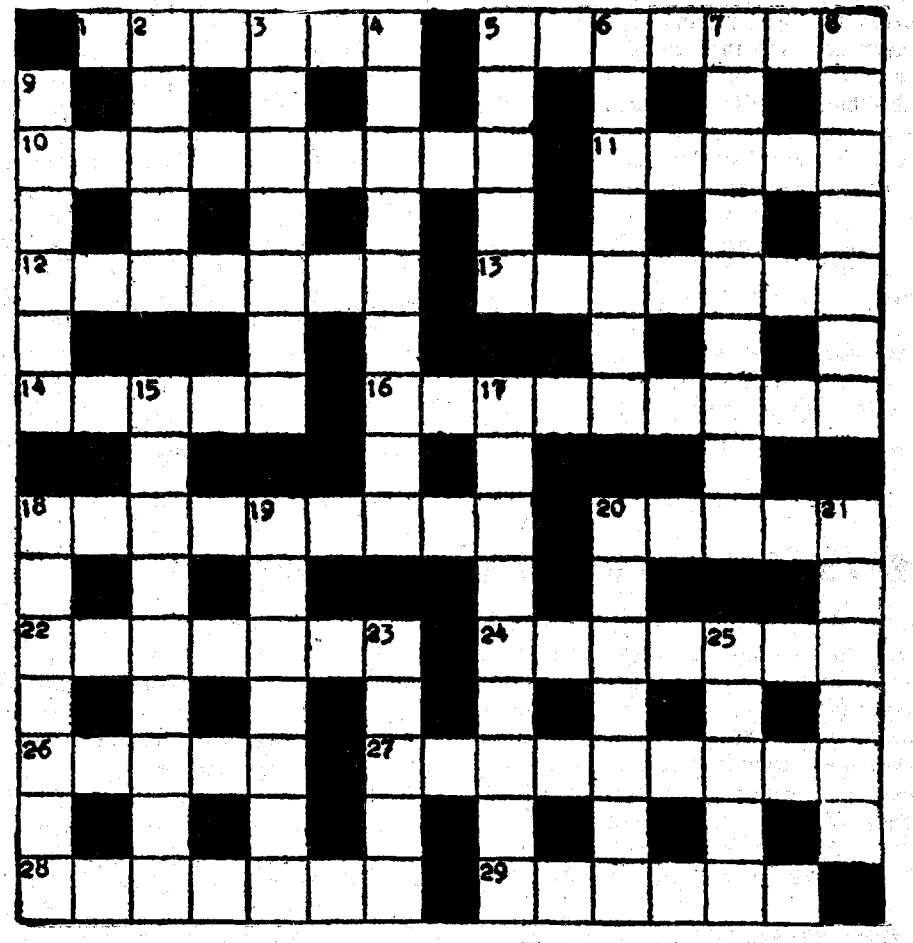
Crossword Puzzle No. 1714

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 across Winner take everything? It's just as well! (3,3,3,4)
10 One has to decide whether it's worthwhile to have the petty type take over. (5,4)
11 Both the sedan and electric type are no longer in favor. (5)
12 Definitely said Dave is wrong, and about to make a mistake. (7)
13 A little scene produced by a designer and a bunch of doctors. (7)
14 Catch (in more ways than one) a supernatural being like this! (5)
16 Hand or foot, for example. (9)
18 A plane is first before it goes last, but only a failed enterprise is totally this. (7,2)
20 Little bits of litter? (5)
22 Equivalent to saying the remainder is ¼ empty and quiet, probably. (7)
24 Was bad all over again, it sounds! (You can invalidate things later, this way.) (7)
26 It might be the lunar change, but you could consider this bony, in a specific way. (5)
27 How the energy crisis might leave us. (9)
28 Did Markham's man finally put his in the country dance? (7)
29 What Kipling's tube did—just like an old pipe! (6)

DOWN

2 and 15 down Someone said you can go with it. (5,2,7)
3 and 20 down Grant's back-up troops, or one of our present systems? (7,7)
4 The band might go like this, perhaps, but certainly not in cavalier fashion. (9)
5 Played around, as they say. (5)
6 Two points to 150—nothing but two points finally, so shut up! (7)
7 Brings up the title and changes into a form of what comes out. (9)
8 It's a triple, sort of near; try to get around it. (7)
9 In drag, has this, and is struck with horror. (6)
15 See 2 down
17 The best artist? At least one of the best! (3,6)
18 Such a municipality is rather harsh on what some might consider a social offense. (7)
19 Yield in judgment. (5,2)
20 See 3 down
21 Is a disturbed person, partly? (Count an early one.) (6)
23 Not a fancy fur, but certainly not plain. (5)
25 Supposedly a woman of peace. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1713

ACROSS: 1 and 16 By fits and starts; 6 Latch; 9 Mordent; 10 Latimer; 11 and 8 It's hard to say; 12 Orbits; 13 and 30 Portended; 15 East Side; 18 Cubits; 20 Candidly; 24 Studio; 29, 25 and 28 Assault and battery; 31 Petty cash. DOWN: 1 Bambi; 2 Forests; 3 and 23 The Forsyte Saga; 4 Antibody; 5 Dilate; 7 Tambour; 14 Studiously; 15 Excusable; 17 Handcart; 19 Bigoted; 21 Dracula; 22 and 6 down Stay up late; 26 Ditch; 27 Bead.

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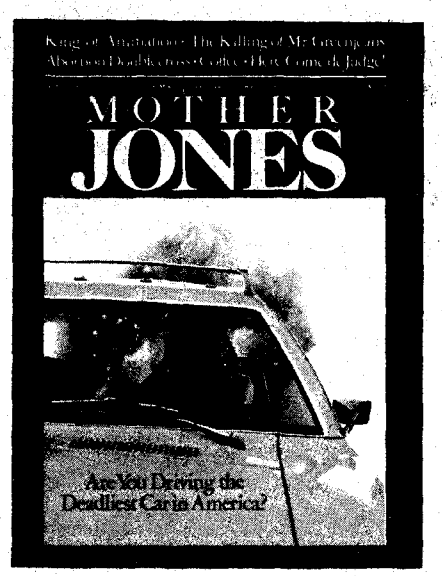

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